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THE DEATH OR REFORM OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

BY W. W. BROOM.

The Republican party is no longer a moral force, because it has not now a political creed. It is not Abolition—it is not Radical—it is simply heterogeneous. It has no fixed purpose, no defined object; because it has no creed, no platform.

It commenced with a platform of non-extension of slavery; on that issue it succeeded in electing an honest President. The madness of the South misread the forces of the North, and could not see the vast influence sown deeply by Anti-Slavery Societies. War opened on the nation like the sudden falling of an avalanche. The necessities (termed "military") of the times *forced* the Republican party from its platform, *against* its desires. The President oscillated between platform and destiny, chaining party to destiny after many doubts, fears, surmises, and ultimate conviction that destiny *must* guide and rule. But though chained to destiny, the party was not educated into the art of making new platforms of universal principles for universal humanity. The platform of the Republican party was shot into oblivion by the Southern bombardment of Fort Sumter. The logic of despotism blasted the subterfuges of freedom's short-sighted friends. The straightforward rascality of humanity's enemies drifted the Republican party over a sea of political squalls. To-day it is without a ship, so it nestles round a Congress that is quaking at its shadow in the pool!

On no great question does the Republican party bestow a theory—on no question does it offer a principle. The *Tribune* demands *protection*, the *Evening Post* advocates *free trade*, the *Commonwealth* urges impeachment, Conservatives think it useless, unnecessary. Universal suffrage shares a similar fate among Republican journals and leaders. A party without a theory, without a principle, without a creed, is doomed first to degeneracy, then disruption, and, lastly, death. Either the Republican party must get a principle, or make way for the consolidation of moral forces into a political party.

The Republican party has not a foreign policy; does not treat foreign questions consistently. It cringes when it should protest; it dabbles when it should be quiet. It treats Fenianism as a terror, a delusion, then as a thing to co-operate with. Mexico it sails round, while French cunning smiles, and English diplomatists look surprised. It is without principle, without aspiration, without soul.

During the late campaign the cry was Congress or Johnson. Stump orators talked Radicalism—some honestly, some dishonestly—the honest ones being the least liked by the Committees. Clergymen grew warm around old graves, became funny over Democratic prize fighters; but never became hot enough with Christian manliness to declare to their congregations a principle of human rights that should be applied to *every person* in our land. Were there no exceptions? Yes! The old time-hallowed exceptions of those who have grown grey in being exceptional! None others among the clergy.

Can such a party, as now *unconstituted*, continue? Does it deserve to be continued?

What is now wanted in our country, is a party whose creed shall be composed of the three elements of Christian civilization: Nationality—Humanity—Equality. Our country can only be *protected* from dissolution by the adoption of such a creed. If the Republican party cannot see this, cannot understand this, is not prepared to march forward in this direction—*it must die!* Then on its half-inglorious tomb will have to be inscribed—DIED FOR WANT OF COMMON SENSE.

I would rather the Republican party became wise 'ere it is too late. To turn its present machinery to noble purposes would save time, trouble, and redeem its many blunders. Many new cogs would be wanted, but Abolitionists can supply them. A party that could exist amid the hurricane of war without a creed, cannot live in the arena of intellectual activity without a creed of stern logic festooned with the Christian graces.

The fruits of the revolution and the rebellion must not be bitter apples for our children. The only fruits they should be made to produce are: Enfranchisement for the unenfranchised—Education for the untaught—Protection of life, liberty, and industrious pursuits for every person, regardless of age, color, sex, and social rank. And then the elevating of the oppressed in other lands by the example of our own. These are the duties of the hour we have to do; these are the facts and influences that America has to create; these are the elements that are to be combined by intellectual, moral, and spiritual chemistry for the Brotherhood of Nations.

Not before in the world's history was there such an opportunity for a political party. Not in the robust but fanatical days of Cromwell; not in the factional, aspiring, and antagonistic days of Robespiere; not in the convulsive times of Luther; not even when the great Hungarian condensed Shakspeare into an intense glow of patriotism; nor even when the almost greater Italians armed with Divine fervor a degenerate race to resist the material resources of French oppression was such an opportunity as now we have in these States to clothe mankind with humanity. Will the Republican party grasp the golden hour? Will it renew its health at divine springs? Will it make words realities? Will it work to be crowned or scorned by the oppressed? Or will it linger in doubt, become emasculated with fear until the avenger comes, in the form of a new party?

One speaks of the "confusion" we are in. It is the product of the supineness of the Republican party. Had the party a creed the Raymonds could never have worked mischief within its borders. The apparent failure of the Raymonds at Philadelphia may get them into a success. The only sound element in the party, the only far-seeing force in the party, are the radicals that joined it during the rebellion. Take them away, and the party would irrevocably sink into inanity. What has preserved the Union League of New York from the endeavors to destroy it made by Thurlow Weed and others, but the radicals who have become the controllers of the League? *They* have patted and petted (sometimes unwisely) the Colored Councils, against half-copperhead and Democratic Councils. The League has become strong in proportion to its radicalism. Its votes elected Gov. Fenton. The Governor admitted the fact a few days ago to the League State Council in Albany. Cannot the Republican party take warning from the League? Why do the colored people desire to be in the League? Because of their faith in the League's radicalism. Take the abolition element from the League, and it would collapse without a blow from Weed, or a secret puncture from Raymond. It is the same with the press. In proportion as a paper is radical, it is influential. In proportion as it is *not* radical, it is powerless. The *Times* and the *Herald*, THE STANDARD and the *Independent*, illustrate the argument. New York is a type of the whole North in these particulars. Who are loudest applauded in the Lyceums? The most radical speakers. Who most influence public opinion among the clergy? The radical preachers. These facts are enumerated at the risk of repetition, because *they are facts.*

Republicans! Shall your party *die* or be *reformed?* It is for you to decide, for on you will rest the weal or woe. Radicalism can march on without you. It is for *your* benefit that there should be no estrangement. By the memory of your honest President, we invoke you to deeds of grander moral heroism. By all that's sacred in our country's history, we urge you to have a platform on which another worthy man can be elected.

LETTER FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Sept. 16th, 1867.

It is September. Summer, especially here, has lazily lapsed into Autumn, as though there was no season for anything, and nothing in any season. It is much the same with reconstruction. It has had its seed time and its season for growth, and yet it is fruitless. Autumn has blundered in, to be succeeded only by a more gloomy Winter of disquietude and defeat. We should have no hope, only that if we must pass through the same vicissitudes again and again, each passage makes one the less; and if we must blunder and stumble yet more fatally, it is on the chilly, icy passage from December to May. The Almighty has decreed; and a proper and righteous reconstruction will come, if not through a bigoted, besotted President, or a timid, time-serving Congress, still it will come in spite of both. But we may not have regarded with sufficient minuteness the law of *compensation.* We may have too often asked, "of what earthly use is Andrew Johnson's forgetting that the more fetid and offensive the compost, the more rapid and rank will be the vegetation?" In fact, Andrew Johnson is just what is needed here. In cocoa nut countries, some of the little animals, in order to get at the meat, are compelled to clamber up with the fruit into some tall tree, and let it fall in order to crack its otherwise impenetrable shell.

Andrew Johnson is bound to take this people up, but he is sure to let them fall. The higher he elevates them, the more effectual is the concussion produced. What if they had become reconstructed two years ago, with all the bad blood in them which he has managed *to let?* What boiling, and festering, and constant breaking out must have ensued? What a loathsome anthrax they would have become upon the "body politic?" But every successive harvest of blasted hopes they reap at his hands makes them absolutely better, although they may appear relatively worse. It is old Pharaoh times here right over again, though we have reason to believe the process will be less tedious, though equally effective. According to history, the Egyptions *toughed it out* through the frogs, and the lice, and the flies, and the murrain, and the blains, and the hail, and the locusts, and the *solid* darkness, and the death even of the first born of man and of the beasts, and only succumbed at the collapsing billows of the Red Sea. But as if the infliction of Andrew Johnson upon this people was not sufficient to bow their stubborn necks in a given time, Providence seems to be chiming in with powerful adjuncts to produce the desired results. First, the drought pinches the struggling crop; then the flood overwhelms it; and finally the caterpillar appears as if, to devour the last blade, and with it the last element of strength and of hope to a proud and relentless race.

Arrogance is not wont to blurt at the funeral, and even chivalry pales with starvation staring it in the face.

Death is making frightful inroads upon this class of disappointed, disheartened mortals; but even yet, they seem determined to die "game." Hunger is already fainting their execrations, but yet they seem bent upon expending their last gasp in fruitless imprecations upon their fancied enemies. They still manage to cry lustily for, "rights;" but these calls must soon be silenced by their cries for bread. Such terms of reconstruction may seem harsh, but who is at fault? They were not enacted by Fessenden and Dixon, nor yet by Sumner and Wade; and they are also beyond the hope or fear of Presidential veto. Yes, "He spake, and the locusts came, and caterpillars, and that without number, and did eat up all the herbs in their land, and devoured the fruit of their ground." It may seem unkind to attribute any degree of this retribution to God, for this is an exceedingly *pious* people. True, they continue proud, proscriptive, pugnacious; but they are *prayerful* still. It is almost difficult to determine whether their faith is centered in Jehovah or Johnson. It would seem however, that while they do not dare entirely to ignore the former, they *do* have faith that the latter, by bullying and brow-beating, will be able to correct the mistakes into which the Almighty has fallen during the past six years. But the chances are still against them. The voice yet echoes from heaven, "Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies I cannot away with, it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting. * * And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you; yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear; your hands are full of blood." In view of the wrongs and outrages, the lasciviousness and lust, the utter shamelessness, and recklessness which this people have either practiced or tolerated in connection with slavery, and for which iniquities they give no signs of repentance, this would seem to be the issue between God and themselves. "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land," and if not, not, must be the natural inference.

But you must not suppose the loyal men here are entirely cast down. We gather some grapes among the thorns, and some figs from among the thistles. To be sure, when Stanton was removed, treason and conservatism shouted "glorious!" When Sheridan was compelled to succumb, it was halloo! and halloo!! When artillery dolefully pealed out the departure of Sickles, it was "hurrah! and hurrah!" And when Howard falls, it will be, "Great is Andrew Johnson, lineal descendant from Doreas!!" But in each of these *retrograde* steps we witness the most cheering *progress.* How many more "stitches" he will be required to take in his own political winding-sheet, it is not yet definitely ascertained; it is only certain that he will continue to "ply the needle," till "impeachment" wraps it around him, and buries him out of sight. It may be necessary, however, that (by proclamation at least) he do many more ridiculous things; even to declare Fessenden, Edmunds, and their *confreres* honest, reliable politicians; and to shut out the balance of Congress from the light, and the rain, and the dews of heaven; to declare the Connecticut, the Hudson, and the Mississippi, as far down as Cairo, public nuisances, which must be suppressed. He is ready for anything. He is possessed, infatuated, doomed. He is in similar predicament to that of the foreigner who lost his life by a simple misapplication of *shall* and *will.* Having fallen into the river, and hearing those who had rushed to the bank to save him, debating for the moment who should first plunge in, he impatiently cried out, "I *will* be drowned, and nobody *shall* help me;" and so the rescuers reluctantly granted his request. So long as Congress saw Andrew Johnson feeding contentedly in the large, luxuriant constitutional pasture, they were not particularly watchful about the fences; but when they found him disposed to roam, and to break into every poor man's "patch," they became alarmed. What must be done? Should they dispose of the vicious animal at once? It might appear strange in the eyes of foreign beasts, that one of their kith should be unceremoniously slaughtered, just for his propensity to straggle. Besides, there might result an unpleasant contest among the stock fanciers, as to what particular breed should be introduced to supply the vacancy. The Durham might preponderate over the Devon, or the Alderney might supplant them both, and so it was decided to retain the original; evidently neither for "ornament, or use," but that he might simply *stand*, like one of the nine-pins to be knocked one side by the lucky bowl of the game. Thus they attempted to render him harmless, first by applying the constitutional muzzle; but this proving ineffectual, they essayed to hedge him about high with Congressional enactments. Yet he leaped all these at a bound, bellowing as he madly raved around, "I *will* be *impeached*, and nobody shall help me." Therefore, next December, the rescuers will reluctantly grant *his* request. This is what loyal men here wait and pray for most anxiously. It is all that is needed. When the big toad in the dirty puddle at Washington ceases to croak, the little ones here will scarcely venture to peep. Of course, they will continue to hate the Yankee; they will still despise the United States government, but will respect its power, whenever they see the "Chair of State" occupied by one disposed to exercise it.

Registration in this State is approaching completion. A large preponderance of colored over white voters will be the final result; and yet, there will be thousands of colored men, who through intimidation, and misrepentations, and threats of these "best friends," will not dare to become enrolled. In one locality, they are told the Yankees desire their names only to thrust them into the army; in another, that it is only to compel them to pay all the taxes; in another, that it is only that the government may collect payment for all the rations that have been distributed amongst them. In other cases, they have been terrified by the frightful picture of a "war of races," which must be the result, and in which the negro, as usual, must go to the bottom. And when the desired advantage cannot be gained over his ignorance, or his credulity, he is threatened with all sorts of pains and penalties, if he dare to avail himself of his constitutional, as well as heaven-born rights.

It is thus we stand reconstructed in September, 1867. The people are in rags, the country is in ruins. Business seems to struggle as in the very stagnation of death. Pride goes bandaged up in splints, and aristocracy hobbles upon crutches. And yet although in the very agonies of death from the poisonous fangs of the "copperhead," if a fresh den is discovered in Maine, or California, these lunatics go into ecstacies. Andrew Johnson applies the incendiary torch, and Congress run together like engines to a fire; thoroughly drench the embers, and then ingloriously retire. The North seems to think it only requisite now for them to *make* a President. We, suffering untold agonies here in the South, earnestly beseech them first to *break* one. If Johnson is allowed to ride his "policy" over us rough shod till the 4th of March, 1869, then the country need not expect so much as a decent burial. That's all.

THE NEGRO AS A CITIZEN.—Mr. Swinton of the New York *Times*, who has recently travelled over a great part of the South, makes the following interesting statements, after having spoken of the negroes as successful free laborers:

"Then there came that severer test to the negro—he was made a citizen. This was a measure the wisdom of which was gravely doubted by the majority, even of those who wished well to the colored man. I confess that when I went South I believed the enfranchisement of the blacks would prove a mistake; but I very soon perceived that it was at least a *necessity.* And, indeed, I have seen no fair-minded Southerner who does not admit that when the negro was deprived of the protection of his master it was absolutely necessary he should have that other protection which comes from the possession of political rights. But here again a pleasant surprise met us. To justify the faith reposed in him, the colored man began eagerly to fit himself by education for citizenship. The progress in this regard has been most astonishing. Not only are the children being taught, but adults show a passionate hunger for learning; and if an educational qualification had been required for voting, I believe that before the next election there would hardly have been a black man in the South that would not have been able to read and write. I must add that equally gratifying has been the improvement in morals—in honesty, truthfulness and chastity.

"It is hardly necessary to say that the blacks are politically *radical* to a man. If there was at one time a notion on the part of the white 'Conservatives' that they would be able to control the negro vote, this has completely vanished. He is proof against both menace and blandishment, and grasps the ballot as a sacred thing—'a pearl richer than all his tribe.'"

COLORED SUFFRAGE IN KENTUCKY.—Hon Samuel McKee, who represents the Ninth District so well in Congress, has just made a brave speech at Mount Sterling, Ky., in which he predicts that colored persons in Kentucky will obtain the suffrage by act of Congress. Here is an extract:

"The day is not far in the future when you in this State will enjoy the same right to sue in a court of justice that I have; when you will have the same right to testify in a court, as witnesses, that I have; the same right to full protection in all the rights of person and property which white citizens enjoy; and the same right to vote for the men who are to make the laws for you and for me that a white man has. (Applause.) Kentucky will not do this for you; she is wedded to her idols, controlled by enemies to human freedom and the spirit of progress. But I make this prediction for the benefit of those who do not believe the negro will be a voter in Kentucky. That at the next time Kentucky is called upon to cast a vote for President of the United States, that every loyal colored man in the State will have guaranteed to him, by the nation's authority, the right to cast his ballot; and I predict, moreover, that they will be few and far between who do not go to the polls and exercise this right. (Great applause.) And there will be no war, either, for the reason that the power which gives you this right will be strong enough to secure you the peaceable exercise of the same."

NASBY ON THE OBSTRUCTIVES.

THE AMNESTY PROCLAMATION—A CABINET CONSULTATION OVER IT—THE SAFETY OF THE PRESIDENT FROM IMPEACHMENT.

POST OFFIS, CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(Wich is in the Stait uv Kentucky)
September 10, 1867.

I wuz brot to Washington by a despatch. His Eggslency hed at last determined to put his foot down—to assert his power, and to take measures sich ez wood bring to the top, where they properly belong, that large class uv the citizens uv the Republic who wuz engaged in the little onpleasantnis, which the Ablishnists took advantage uv to deprive us uv ther rites and to keep um from exercisin the influoence in the government they are, and alluz wuz, entitled to. In short, ez Congress wuz adjourned, and coodent, by no means, be got together till November, the President wuz convinced that it wuz his dooty to improve his time, and be reely President.

The consultation over the proclamation wuz long and painful. Binckley, who is now running the government mostly, hed written the whereases, wich is most uv the document; Seward hed tailed onto em the Proclamation proper, which wuz so small ez to give it a tad-pole appearance, and it wuz to be discussed. All uv um wuz in favor uv it but me. Ez anxious ez I wuz for the liberation uv our friends in the Southern States; ez anxious ez I wuz to give that blessed saint, Deekin Pogram a chance to wollop a nigger agin afore he died, without bein interfered with by a bloo-coted hirelin, I still hed a dread. "Dare yoo," sed I, "go further in this biznes? Isn't impeachment at the end uv it, ef you stir up this matter? And with Wade in the Presidential chair—my God! Pollock wood hev my post offis! My liege, I hed a dream last night. Methawt"—

"Go on with the dream," said his Eggslency. "Go on, and I will be yoor Joseph to interpret it,"

"Kin yoo assoom the carracter uv Joseph and carry it out," sed Randall, "with Mrs. Cobb in Washington?"

This interupshun preventid me from narratin my dreem, so I resoomed at the pint at wich I wuz interruptid. "And my opinion is the opinion uv all you appintees. The offis holder is naterally a conservative. Agitashun, my liege, mite shake us out uv our places. On yoo we hang—yoo are our hope, our anker and our cheefest trust."

And my remarks wich I delivered with a tremblin voice and with teers a rollin down my furrowed checks—I felt the solemnity uv the occasion, for wat cood I do ef turned out into the cold world at my age?—wuz received with peals of laffture.

"My deer sir!" said A. J., "yoor innosence surprises me. Impeach me! Never so long ez filial and family love is a distinguishin carakteristic uv the leeding minds uv America—never so long ez a senator hez a nephew to provide for, or a brother who wants a place. Ah! that luv uv blood relashuns! Wat a beautiful thing it is! And how strong is the marriage relashun wich prompts a man when he hez promised to love, cherish and protect a wife, go to cherishin and protectin all her brother's and her sister's children—the love goin frekently, like leprosy, to the third generashun. Thank the Lord for it. I'ts my only holt! Set yoor mind at eeze by perusin theze," and he tost me a bundle of letters neatly done up and labelled "Letters from Radicle Members of the House and Senit."

A lite dawned onto me ez I opened the first one. It was from a distinguished Senator and read, ez near ez I kin remember now, thus:

SENNIT CHAMBER, March 6, 1867.

To the Preisdent: Notwithstanding the slite difference uv opinion that may egzist between us on certain minor questions uv public policy, and despite the unguarded expressions I may hev indulged in the heet uv debate, I kin trooly say that I hev ever cherished the most endoorin faith in the rectitood of your intenshuns, the honesty of yoor purpose and the purity uv yoor motives. I hev a nephew in my State who desires the posishen uv Assessor uv Internal Revnoo. He is capable and honest, and while he hez alluz voted the Republican ticket, hez dun it so mildly ez not to be objecshenable to those who differ with them. Indeed, last Fall he was accoosed, and perhaps justly, uv votin for a candidate for Congress who was a supporter of yoor policy, wich tho I do not in all respecks accept, hez, I must acknowledge, many points in it to recommend it to a discriminatin people. I shood esteem his nominashun a personal favor.

With sentiments of the most
profound respeck and esteem,
I remain admirinly yoors,

P. S.—It is, I trust, onnecessary for me to state that I regard all projecks of impeachment ez wild, visionary, onnecessary and dangerous, and no sich projeck kin ever receeve my support. I forgot to menshun that a brother uv mine, who hez never taken a part in politics, and hez, therefore, his own opinyuns to organize, would gladly accept any posishen under the government, and a brother-in-law wouldut be averse to similar employment. It's a matter of no konsekence to yoo uv coorse, but I shall oppose the reassemblin uv Congress till the reglar time in December. I am inflixibly opposed to establishin dangerous precedents. Shood you make the appintments I kin git em confirmed by the Senit, ez well ez an ekal number uv yoor own appintments. In matters uv this kind there must be compermises.

In my surprise I uttered a prolonged whistle. "Them appintments wuz made," sed His Eggslency, with a sardonicle smile. "Them appintments wuz made. Read another—there's a varied and well-selected assortment uv em. The Senit is my fish pond. I drop my hook therein, baited a Assessorship, and bless me, how they bite at it! Go on."

SENIT CHAMBER, March 7, 1867.

To the Preisdent: I am, ez yoo are aware, known ez a Radical, but between generous foes there kin be none uv that terrible spirit uv blind hate wich characterizes some of my associates, who shel here be nameless. I will say, however, that if the Senators from Massachoosits, and some others I cood menshun, would resine or die they wood confer a favor upon the country. I oppose you because I differ with yoo, ez does my State, but that opposishen hez never lessened my high admiration of yoor patriotism, yoor even temper, or the many good qualities uv yoor head and heart, wich shine out so conspikuous. I hale yoo ez a worthy successor uv the 1st A. J. I hed not intended to mix things persnel to myself in this frienly triboot, but will do violence to my feelins by observin that the position uv Collector at ——— ——— is admirably adapted to a cousin of mine, whose talence ez a lawyer hez never been appreciated by those who know him best. He agrees with me that impeachment is not to be thot uv and that sessions of Congress, other than reglar ones, is uselis. Shood you be pleased to make the appintment, I shell be proud to return the favor in any way possible. Ef it woodent be askin too much, a son uv mine wood be glad to serve his country ez Inspecter uv Revenoo. Iuheritin from me devoshen to our common country, he burns to devote himself to her service. With sentiments uv profound respect,

I am, yours, as ever,

——— ———.

"Them appintments wuz made also," sed the great man, "and three or four more throwd in when he found how cheep he cood get em. He visited me after I hed given him all he asked for, and we had a frendly interchange uv views. He persisted in differin with me, but ez we partid I ask't him ef ther wuzn't jist one more appintment he wanted? Jist one more? Throwin himself on my neck he exclaimed: 'not one!—not one! My brothers, my brothers-in-law, my nephews, and the doubtful members uv the Legislacher wich finally concloodid to vote for me, are all provided for.' Bless the Lord for the appintin power! The biznis uv tradin birth-rights for messes uv pottage begun with Esaw, but thank Heven it didn't end with him."

It was unnecessary for me to read more. I hed seen enuf to satisfy me that the integrity uv one-third uv the Senit wuz rather honey-combed, and, like a rusty muskit, not strong enuff at the breech to bear a severe trial without danger uv bustin. I saw precisely what wuz the rock on wich we stood, and what a citidel it wuz. Kin these men with these letters in the hands uv our respected cheef, and ther relatives all a drawin rashens, turn and rend the hand wich feed em? Cood I do it? and ain't they even ez I am?

And so the proclamashun was ishood, and I went home a feelin good. We shall yet wallop niggers in Kentucky—we shel yet redoose em to their normal speer—our afflicted brethren in Tennessee will yet vote, and them not amnestied will be speshly pardoned ez their superior merits deserve, and with all ther will be no impeachment. For where the carkis is ther will be the buzzards also and we hev the control uv the carkis. Some of the buzzards are so gorged with carkis that their eyes is shut—enuff uv em to inshor our posishen till the end uv our term. It is well with us.

PATROLEUM V. NASBY, P.M.,
(Wich is Postmaster.)

THE SUFFRAGE QUESTION.

From the Worcester (Mass.) Spy.

If it is clear that "equal suffrage ought to be established in every State," the natural place to look for authority to establish it is in the Constitution. If it can't be found there, it should be put there by constitutional amendment. In either case it is a question of interpretation, and the last subject in the world to be treated in a sneering or captious spirit. The Constitution is in its purpose and spirit republican. When doubts are thrown over its meaning, the rule of all constitutional writers is to construe it liberally, that is, in favor of what clearly "ought to be established," rather than the contrary. Those who deny that the Constitution confers any power to regulate suffrage in the States, rely mainly on that clause of the Constitution which says that electors of Representatives to Congress in each State "shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislature." But this clause, so far from reserving the whole matter of suffrage to the States, was itself an explicit regulation of the suffrage in the case of electors for the national Legislature. It adopted the standard required by the States in local elections, but it went no further. It established no principle. When the clause was under consideration in the Convention, Gov. Morris proposed a substitute, limiting the right of suffrage to free-holders. This question was discussed at length on its merits, not at all with reference to the right or the expediency of regulating suffrage in the States. The substitute was rejected because it was believed that such a limitation of the suffrage would endanger the adoption of Constitution. It was conceded by every one that suffrage in the States might be, or rather must be, regulated by the Convention with reference to national elections. The only question was whether a uniform rule should be prescribed for all the States; or whether the diversities in the States should be recognized and conformed to. The latter method prevailed, rather as an expedient to secure the then uncertain favor of the States, than as an endorsement of their diversities.

The second clause in the Constitution relating to the qualifications of voters definitely confers upon Congress certain powers under which it might act in the present instance. It reads as follows: "The times, places, and manner of holding elections for Senators and Representatives shall be prescribed in each State by the Legislature thereof. But the Congress may at any time by law make or alter such regulations except as to the place of choosing Senators." This is Judge Story's commentary:

"It was obviously impracticable to frame and insert in the Constitution an election law, which would be applicable to all changes in the situation of the country, and convenient for all the States. A discretionary power over the elections must be vested somewhere. There seemed but three ways in which it could be reasonably organized. It might be lodged either wholly in the National Legislature, or in the State Legislatures; or primarily in the latter, and ultimately in the former. The last was the mode adopted by the Convention. The regulation of elections is submitted in the first instance to the local governments, which, in ordinary cases, and when no improper views prevail, may both conveniently and satisfactorily be by them exercised. But in extraordinary circumstances the power is reserved to the National government, so that it may not be abused, and thus hazard the safety and permanency of the Union."

It is questioned whether this clause gives Congress the ultimate power to prescribe who shall vote in the National elections. But it is certain that it confers all the powers, within the meaning of the clause, which primarily belong to the State—to be used when the States abuse them, or when great public exigencies require it. The opponents of the adoption of the Constitution objected to this clause, because it gave Congress revisory control, and they feared the privilege might be abused. But the prevailing answer to these objections was "the entire safety of trusting power in the hands of the people's own representatives, the improbability that they would try to disfranchise citizens, and the necessity that the National government should have the power of self-preservation." This argument derives cumulative force from, though it does not depend on, that clause which requires that "the United States shall guarantee to every State a republican form of government." It has long been the fashion, though less so now than formerly, to treat this as one of the glittering generalities of the Constitution, inserted out of respect to the somewhat popular prejudice in favor of popular rights, but applicable to no possible contingency. We have learned under the discipline of adversity that governments from which a great part of the people are excluded are little better than anarchy; and that all discriminations which degrade one class for the advantage of the rest are repugnant to republican government, and dangerous in proportion to the extent to which they are carried. We are also learning that the Constitution, to which the opponents of popular rights have so long flaunted a fraudulent title, belongs to all the people, and especially to those whose rights have been denied to them under the shabby pretence that the government has no power to protect them.

We wish the General government were not forced to take action on the subject. It would be better in every conceivable respect if the rule of impartial suffrage prescribed for the insurgent States were voluntarily accepted by all the rest. But the government has no right to leave a question of such importance to the chances of contested elections in these backward-looking States. The citizens of the United States who are disfranchised by the laws of Kentucky—permanently disfranchised unless they obtain relief of the General government—have a right to demand that their voices shall be heard. They are engaged in poor and unprofitable employment who sit up nights nursing the Constitution, while a single citizen of the republic remains outside of its protection.

JOHNSON AND DAVIS.—Gen. Logan in his speech at Hamilton, Ohio, last Wednesday, said:

"Tell me to-day if you had Jeff. Davis in the presidential chair, or Mr. Robert E. Lee, could they have done more for the rebels in this land than Andrew Johnson has since he has been president? If they could, I would like to know in what way they could have done it. If Jeff. Davis had been president, what would he have done? He would have returned all the property to the rebels that they had lost. Andrew Johnson has done that. If Jeff. Davis had been president he would have pardoned all the rebels that asked him for pardon. Andrew Johnson has done that and more too. If Jeff. Davis had been president he would have denounced this Congress, and called them a set of traitors. Andrew Johnson has done that. If Jeff. Davis had been president he would have appointed rebel governors down South to control those States. Andrew Johnson did the same thing. If Jeff. Davis had been president he would have vetoed the Civil Rights bill. Andrew Johnson did that. He would have vetoed the first Reconstruction act of Congress, and all the other acts, which Andrew Johnson has done.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON AND CONGRESS.

A BRITISH VIEW OF THE SITUATION.

From the London Times, Sept. 9.

* * * PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S fatal mistake has always been the belief that in a time of peace he could exercise the same sway which was permitted to Mr. Lincoln in time of war. He resisted the attempt of Congress to regain its former prerogatives, and the result has been that the Legislature has not only obtained back its own, but swallowed up all the constitutional privileges of the Executive. The President is now, and will probably henceforth be, nothing more than the nominal Executive, *the real power being absorbed by Congress.* When the President is in entire accord with the majority, he will probably be allowed some liberty of action, but when he has alienated the ruling party from him, as Mr. Johnson has done, he is reduced to an ignominious position. He is checked in every movement, and his subordinates are his masters. The power which he was created to revise can negative his every act. He has to fill an office which has ceased to be regarded with respect, and the responsibility of which can no longer be regarded with honor. His office being thus degraded, what can be anticipated from the efforts which the President is making to give it the authority and distinction which belonged to it in the early days of the Federation? Mr. Johnson believes himself to be sheltered by an instrument now of comparatively small validity, and which is by the will of the people displaced by the legislation of Congress. Both Houses have agreed that the work of reconstructing the South belongs exclusively to them, and whenever the President interposes, they inflict still more rigorous measures upon the excluded States. The five Military Districts were the *direct fruit of the President's injudicious attempts to insist upon his own plan of restoration.* We see that he is now involved in a fresh quarrel by his persistent removal of the officers placed by Congress in command over the South. Sheridan and Sickles have been ordered from their posts, and Mr. Johnson—a little unfairly, as it seems to us—has endeavored to drag Gen. Grant into his own troubles by charging him with the execution of these orders. Grant has already suffered greatly in the estimation of the Republican party by the apparent countenance he has given to the President—first by making a report nearly two years ago which is held to be too favorable to the South; next by attending the Cabinet meetings; and, lastly, by consenting to take Mr. Stanton's office, and thus enabling the President to transpose the military commands. The favorite Northern General has listened to the rebukes and reproaches showered upon him with characteristic impassiveness; but his friends have at last convinced him that he cannot afford to trifle any longer with the sentiment of the people. He has found out that a man may be ruined by silence as well as by imprudent speech, and that though some may construe his reserve into a mark of wisdom, the majority believe it to be a proof that he is opposed to the popular cause. Thus urged, Gen. Grant has written a letter to the President, in which he earnestly protested against the removal of Sheridan, and followed some days afterwards, according to the telegraphic news, by positively refusing to carry out a subsequent order. This result would not be likely to deter the President from continuing the development of that *singular hallucination which he calls his "policy."* He probably anticipated Grant's revolt, and is only surprised that it did not occur before. Short-sighted indeed must be the public officer who identifies himself with *so desperate a cause as that of the President.* Mr. Johnson will fight on still, in conformity with his instincts, and also, we fully believe, with the dictates of his conscience. Blow after blow is struck at his office, and he still uses the language of a ruler in the possession of great, though limited powers. He still acts as though the people were enthusiastically with him, and as if the elections of last Autumn had given him a majority. Mr. Johnson will be a belligerent to the last, and there is something in his dogged obstinacy and "pluck" not wholly displeasing to the American people. He answers Grant in a spirit which is a fresh challenge to Congress. That body separates from time to time after dealing what it believes to be a last effectual blow at the occupant of the White House, but it has scarcely gone home before the President is up again undoing its work, and sending another blast of defiance after them. Sheridan's course, which is applauded by the people, he denounces as "one of absolute tyranny, without reference to the principles of the government or the nature of free institutions." For himself, he goes over the ground we are all familiar with, and contends that the Constitution alone is his rule and guide. "The Constitution," he says, "is the combined and expressed will of the people, and their voice is law when reflected in the manner which that instrument prescribes." We shall not discuss once more *the fallacy which underlies this sentence,* and which ignores the palpable facts that the will of the people is law even when it transgresses the letter of the Constitution. Any other man in President Johnson's position would have perceived months ago that these are not days in which to exact a strict interpretation of an instrument which the nation has outgrown. Grant has probably won back the good-will of some of his admirers by his letter, but he is too moderate in his opinions to gain the united suffrages of the Republican Party. It may easily happen that fresh events may arise before the Presidential election of 1868 which will give him an immense advantage over all the other candidates; but one thing is certain, that the next President will find the work of reconstruction still undone. The full success of the Republican party might probably lead to greater moderation in the Legislature, and as this seems likely to be the turn events will take, the final choice of candidates will be a matter of scarcely less interest here than on the other side of the Atlantic. *The sooner the country is completely settled the better will it be for the rest of the world,* even if only for commercial considerations. We may venture to hope that *the next two years will not be thrown away as the last two have been.*

THE SOUTH.

GEORGIA.

SERIOUS DIFFICULTY BETWEEN NEGROES AND WHITE MEN IN GEORGIA.

SAVANNAH, Ga., Friday, Sept 20.

Col. E. Bucks, an overseer, and Mr. Lancaster, of Camp Pickens, Charlton county, Ga., had a difficulty with a negro working on the place, which resulted in the shooting of the negro in the thigh. The next day (Sunday) two armed negroes went to the house to demand satisfaction of Mr. Lancaster. Several shots were exchanged; one negro was killed and the other wounded. Mr. Lancaster was badly wounded, and had his horse killed.

Mr. Lancaster and Mr. Nugaser left on Monday for St. Mary's. An armed band of thirty negroes seized them. Nugaser escaped by swimming the river. Lancaster was left in the hands of the negroes, and it is feared that they have killed him.

ARKANSAS.

BUTCHERY OF NEGROES—TWO WITNESSES SHOT DOWN BY THE MURDERER IN A COURT-ROOM.

The Memphis *Post* gives the following almost incredible narrative of a series of terrible murders near Mariana, Arkansas:

The facts furnished us are stated to be derived from white persons who witnessed the murders on the plantation and in the court-room. The statements are corroborated by colored people and the evidence elicited on the coroner's inquest.

On Monday preceding the outrage, Bradley swore on the plantation that he would "kill some damned nigger before Saturday night." When expostulated with, he replied, "it would not be the first time he had run off for killing a damned scoundrel." On Friday morning he quarreled

with a crippled negro, who was not a field hand and not subject to his orders, and ended by beating the invalid over the head with a club. A brother of the man remonstrated with Bradley, when Bradley instantly menaced him with a revolver. Another brother, some forty yards distant, and the only negro in the field that was armed, called to Bradley, telling him it was an outrage to beat the cripple, and demanding that he cease. Bradley turned upon him, and instantly commenced firing. The first shot brought down one of the women, the ball piercing the brain. After the second shot, the armed negro drew his revolver and returned the fire, advancing on Bradley. The latter, distrusting his success in such a contest, retired a few paces to the house, caught up a fowling-piece, returned, and resting it upon the fence or gate, aimed deliberately at the negro, then not more than ten paces distant. In this attitude both caps missed fire. He then precipitately fled, pursued by the colored men, who, however, returned promptly and peacefully at the request of the lady of the plantation, who witnessed the entire afray. Bradley proceeded to Mariana, secured a warrant and posse, returning the same evening for the arrest of four of the men. The officer was informed by the lady of the plantation of what had been done, and Bradley was charged in his presence with the murder of the woman. The men, however, were arrested and confined. On Saturday morning they were put upon trial; Bradley appearing, heavily armed, as the witness for the prosecution. When his statement was made, the Court informed the prisoners that they could ask the witness any question they wished. In the cross-examination of the witness, one of the men contradicted, in a respectful manner, a statement of Bradley. Immediately he displayed his arms. The magistrate commanded the peace, and directed the prisoner to proceed. He attempted to do so, by repeating what he had said, and called upon one of the other men to confirm what he said. Bradley then drew his revolver, knocked one of the prisoners down, and fired at a second, who saved himself by striking the assassin's arm and throwing off the ball. A third one attempted to escape through a back door. He was shot through the head, and fell. While down, the murderer stood over him, firing two balls through his body. Returning to the first man, still down, he aimed and fired a ball through his brain, killing him instantly, and then retired from the scene.

The people of Phillips County held a public meeting to take action regarding these foul murders, at which they put forth a series of resolutions declaring "that no adequate effort has been put forth by the civil authorities and the citizens for the arrest of the murderers, and that we have no confidence in the existing civil authorities protecting the person and lives of the citizens, either for want of ability or inclination."

NORTH CAROLINA.

Special Correspondence of the Herald.

COLLISION BETWEEN UNITED STATES SOLDIERS AND EX-REBELS—SHARP FIGHT—CAPTURES MADE—TERROR OF THE CITIZENS—ORDER RESTORED.

RALEIGH, N. C., Sept. 19, 1867.

Information just received from Fayetteville represents the usually peaceable and orderly community there to be in a state of great terror and alarm. Indeed, had the mooted war of races commenced in good earnest the quiet citizens of Fayette could not have experienced a greater degree of confusion and consternation. It appears that on Saturday night last a party of unreconstructed tar heels, having neither the fear of God in their hearts nor a just respect for the government under which they are permitted to live, in their minds, met a party of United States "Boys in Blue," at a house of ill-fame. All were quite boisterous, and old campaigns and the merits of respective generals began to be discussed, when an altercation ensued in consequence of the opposing opinions and conflicting sentiments of the parties. Words, it seems, ran high, and the Boys in Blue held their own, while the ex-rebs were equally obstinate; blows soon followed; weapons were drawn by both parties, and soon a severe fight was inaugurated, resulting in driving the soldiers from the house. The ex-rebels then barricaded the house and began a desultory fire from the windows, which routed their assailants, who retreated to camp for reinforcement, followed up by the victorious party and requiring considerable stragegy and military skill to escape without serious loss. The officer in charge, being aroused by the firing, had the long roll beat just as the fleeing party made the camp, and soon the garrison were under arms in battle array. Placing himself at the head of his column, like a true soldier, he led his forces to the scene of action; and after a reconnoitre the rebels were found to be posted under cover, with a view to ambush him, which was soon developed by volleys from different directions, scattering his forces and causing some confusion. He succeeding in rallying them, when a charge was ordered, and the rebels were routed. Pursuit followed, and a number of the enemy were captured and lodged in Fort Macon. The whole city had by this time become alarmed by the volleys of musketry, and really believed the war of races had fairly begun. A scene of unutterable confusion and disorder took place—men, women and children of all sizes, ages, colors, sexes and conditions, could be seen rushing about the streets madly yelling and crying aloud in a manner that each moment made the panic still more terrible. The commanding officer, however, soon effected some order and succeeded in quieting the fears of the citizens, who again began to retire, though still trembling with fear.

It is not stated what the respective losses on both sides were during this short but brisk engagement, and it is remarkable that none of the Africans of the city were involved.

THE IDEA OF RESISTANCE.

AT a Republican meeting in Cincinnati on Saturday, after speeches by Senators Sherman and Wade of Ohio, Senator Thayer of Nebraska said:

"I have recently been in Maryland and the District of Columbia, having left Washington only night before last. While there I took special pains to inform myself in regard to the present purposes of Mr. Johnson, and obtained what I am about to state from reliable authority. *I declare upon my responsibility as a Senator of the United States that to-day Andrew Johnson meditates and designs forcible resistance to the authority of Congress.* I make this statement deliberately, having received it from unquestioned and unquestionable authority. I cannot point out the occasion on which he may attempt to use military force. It may be to prevent the assembling of Congress, or when assembled, if the House of Representatives passes articles of impeachment, or it may be for the purpose of forcing the Southern Senators and Representatives to seats in Congress. The question may be asked, "How can he do such a thing?" You recollect that six months ago Gov. Swann of Maryland was elected a United States Senator, and that a few weeks afterward he declined, giving grave reasons of State as the cause. It was that Lieut.-Gov. Cox of that State could not be trusted for Johnson's purposes. There is to-day a standing army in Maryland, an organized militia force, such as no other State in the Union has, officered mainly by returned rebels. When the time comes which he looks for, under some pretence, Johnson may declare Maryland and the District of Columbia under martial law, and call upon Gov. Swann to bring forth his militia. There is nothing that will deter Johnson from his purpose, except when the issue comes that his courage may fail. I make this statement that the American people may know the danger that threatens their peace and safety. If Pennsylvania and New York give Democratic majorities in the coming elections it will embolden him to carry out his purpose; and I hope that you, the people of Ohio, will be warned in time, and so cast your votes as to rebuke and prevent the mad designs of this bad man who is now acting President of the United States. But, gentlemen, let me say to you that whenever Johnson attempts force, and orders any soldiers he may have under his command to resist the authority of Congress, his doom is sealed. The fate from which he has preserved the traitor Jeff. Davis will then be meted out to him; ay, when that time comes, 500,000 armed men from Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio will fly to arms and tramp the soil of Maryland to reach the beleagued capital and rescue it from the hands of rebels and traitors. In conclusion, let me say to you, who have borne the flag before the enemy, do your duty in the coming elections—vote for those men who by their record have shown themselves to be your friends, and the friends of the Government. Rally as one man to the standard of justice and liberty, and that flag will yet float over a united and happy land.

—A JUDGE REESE, of the Georgia Supreme Court, has tried to construe registry as optional, not imperative, and that because a man does not register is no reason why he is not fit to be juror. Gen. Pope asserts that registry is the only *prima facie* evidence of loyalty that exists for his or the Judge's guidance. Reese says it is opposed to the laws of Georgia and the Constitution of the United States. Pope says it is in accordance with the laws of Congress, and calls upon Reese to resign. The latter refuses *pro forma* to do that, but "considers himself relieved from official duties by Pope's letter." The result is sufficient.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1867.

Wendell Phillips's

SPEECHES AND LECTURES, a handsomely-bound volume, 562 pages, with steel portrait, will be sent, post-paid, to any person renewing a subscription for the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD and sending the name of one new subscriber ($6), or for two new subscribers $3 a year.

A $100 U. S. Bond

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WENDELL PHILLIPS is Special Editorial Contributor.

Address AARON M. POWELL,
Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard,
39 Nassau street, New York.

WAVERING.

THE Republican party is afflicted with half-men and half-measures. When it should present a bold, strong front, it hesitates, and is vacillating. It is in one of those periods of wavering just now. It is confronted in the Executive Chair by a bold, unscrupulous opponent, who has plainly forfeited all claim to the office he is permitted to usurp and dishonor in the interest of treason and misrule. Republicans, as a body, are fully conscious of this, and desire his impeachment. Recently the tide in favor of impeachment seemed to be rapidly rising, so much so that even the *Times*, *Evening Post*, and many other half-way journals, were almost swept along by the flood. But the October and November elections are near at hand, and there is apparent again a disposition to dodge the question, and to avoid a plain responsibility. Massachusetts Republicans *threaten* impeachment, but do not make it an earnest, emphatic demand. The Republicans of this State are not likely to do more, if as much. We hold this shirking policy to be not only wrong in principle, but a wretched blunder in party management. Johnson impeached and out of office, can add but one insignificant and disgraced member to the Democratic party. He is not desired by that party distinctly within their fold. He is disowned and disclaimed by the *World*. But retained in office to the end of the term, with his remaining patronage, to be manipulated by the Weeds, Sewards, and Raymonds, he is infinitely more serviceable to the enemies of Radicalism. In connection with trading Senators and Representatives, he has power enough left to give the political necessity theory of half-men and half-measures the show of plausibility.

The Philadelphia Convention of last year was apparently, for immediate results, a ridiculous failure. It is by no means certain, however, that with the lapse of another year, it may not reassert itself with a strength sufficient to give victory in the Presidential campaign to the Democratic party, or to force Republicans to the level of Grant for a candidate. A Democratic victory in the name of Republicanism would be the most disastrous kind of a defeat. To such a defeat the present Republican management strongly tends. It is as cruel and unjust to the loyalists of the South, black and white, as it is impolitic at the North.

It is not alone in dealing with the impeachment question that this shiftless, vacillating management is shown but not less with the question of suffrage. The action of the Constitutional Convention of this State is one of the latest illustrations. By its adjournment the question is again carried beyond the November election to still greater uncertainty, whenever the vote shall finallly be taken, by the close proximity of the next Presidential and Gubenatorial elections. Having stultified itself by adopting an absurd, illogical report against political equality for women, the Convention now votes a prolonged adjournment on the plea of want of time, to complete leisurely its work after the election at which the revised Constitution should have been submitted. There are most urgent reasons, National as well as State, why the question of negro suffrage should have been courageously met and triumphantly settled now. It has, as yet, reached but a preliminary stage at the South. There is no fundamental guarantee that this preliminary rule may not be reversed at the next step, and the blacks of the South be again disfranchised and practically re-enslaved. The question met and satisfactorily settled at this time here, and elsewhere at the North, would contribute largely to its final adjudication upon a correct basis throughout the South. The suffrage issue is definitely before the people of Ohio and Kansas (in the latter for women as well as colored men), and for the sake of justice to those who are now disfranchised, for the honor of the white citizens of those States, and on account of the National cause we trust it may not suffer defeat.

The cause of impartial freedom and of universal suffrage is destined to go forward to complete victory. Agitation will not cease till this result is reached. The party that proves itself equal to our demand, and bravely meets the issue will win and retain the sceptre of power. There is in this country no hereditary succession for parties, as elsewhere for kings. Let there be no more wavering.

THE GOSPEL DISPENSED WITH.

THE crisis through which we are now passing, is one of the most important in the Nation's experience. A drunken usurper is at the head of the government. Personal decency and the principles of just government are alike outraged by him. The freedom of the colored race is imperiled. A true peace for the nation is impossible because justice is trampled in the dust. In the midst of all this the attitude of the large body of the representatives of the pulpit and of the religious press is one of apparently most profound indifference. In their view the gospel seems not to embrace such trifling matters as freedom for a race, and justice as an essential basis of national policy.

On Monday, the 23d inst., the tenth anniversary of the Fulton street Prayer Meeting was celebrated in this city. This meeting is eminently respectable; its orthodoxy is of the most approved type, and it may be accepted as a fair representative of the prevalent popular religion. Our readers will remember that it gained notoriety a few years ago by its severe administration against Anti-Slavery prayers, and its placard proclamations that no "controverted" subjects—that is no prayers for the emancipation of the enslaved—would be in order there. We have read the anniversary proceedings of Monday last, as given in the New York *Times*, in which a considerable number of the clergymen of New York and Brooklyn participated, and we look in vain for a single reference to the critical state of the country. By request of the Chairman of the Meeting, prayer was offered for the special benefit of the yellow fever sufferers of the South. But of Andrew Johnson's worse than yellow fever "policy" with which South and North are afflicted, not a word appears to have been said. The Rev. Dr. Newell is reported to have expressed the belief "that God had specially founded the Fulton street Prayer-meeting. He believed that half a million of souls were hopefully born to God during the first year of its existence,"—while prayer for the negro, it will be remembered, was forbidden as "a controverted," and, therefore, contraband subject! A piety which ten years ago could forbid, as contraband, prayer for the slave's deliverance, is to-day dumb as to the worse than yellow fever dispensation from which under the lead of rebel "conservatism," the South, irrespective of complexion, is severely suffering. It is a mammon, lip-serving religion in which the gospel of freedom and justice is dispensed with.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

THE State Constitutional Convention which has been in session at Albany since June, adjourned on Tuesday last, till November 12. It has been much of the time without a quorum, and has proceeded with its business upon the circumlocution plan of "How not to do it." It has been under the control of timid, bungling Republicans and crafty Democrats, and thus far, beyond the proposition to abolish the property qualification for colored voters, in itself an important measure, it has matured little that promises substantial benefit to the State. By the adjournment the vote on the question of equal suffrage for colored men is postponed beyond the November election, when we had hoped it might be finally and favorably settled. The blunders and corruption of Senators and party managers in the Republican ranks at Washington react now to the serious embarrassment of the Radicals who really seek negro equality in the States. Defeat is postponed, whether it will be avoided or invited by this adjournment remains to be seen. Meanwhile, the intervening period should be improved by continued, thorough agitation, without which the question cannot be carried whenever the vote may be taken.

IMPEACHMENT.

WE invite attention to the following petition, which we hope may be widely circulated and returned to Washington on the re-assembling of Congress, with large numbers of signatures:

PETITION.

To the XLth Congress of the United States:

The undersigned, citizens of ——, earnestly pray your honorable body to impeach, and depose Andrew Johnson from the office of President of the United States.

THE Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, as announced in a note from Mr. Davis given elsewhere, will be held in the city of Philadelphia, Nov. 8. Just preceding the date of the re-assembling of Congress, this meeting will have an important influence. The presence of Mr. Phillips and other distinguished speakers, and the critical situation in national affairs likely to exist at that date, will render this meeting one of the most interesting and important ever held under the auspices of the Society.

SENATOR THAYER, an extract of whose speech we print elsewhere, declares upon his official responsibility, knowledge of a purpose on the part of the President to forcibly resist Congress.

PHILADELPHIA UNION LEAGUE AND IMPEACHMENT.

AT a meeting of the Philadelphia Union League, held on the 18th inst., the following were among the resolutions adopted:

Resolved, That the public acts of Congress under the Constitution are the supreme laws of the land; that it is no less the duty of the President to see that they are faithfully executed, than it is of the people to obey them; that whether those laws relate to the reconstruction of the Union, or to other subjects, every attempt of the President to frustrate or delay the execution of them is a violation of his trust and an abuse of the power of his office.

Resolved, *That impeachment is the sole defence of the people against the incapacity, negligence, or perfidy of the Chief Magistrate.* [Madison.]

Resolved, *That with a view to the exercise of the power of impeachment, the House of Representatives have a right to investigate the conduct of all public officers under the Government, and in such a case,* THE SAFETY OF THE REPUBLIC IS THE SUPREME LAW; *and the power of the House in pursuit of this object, reaches the most secret recesses of the Executive Department.* [James K. Polk.]

That the abuse of power conferred upon the President may be as criminal as the usurpation of power which has not been granted, and would justify the House of Representatives in voting an impeachment. [James Buchanan.]

That a wanton removal of meritorious officers by the President is an abuse of power which subjects him to impeachment and removal from his own high office. [Madison.]

Resolved, That the prompt and indiscriminate pardon of persons duly convicted and sentenced in the courts of the United States for counterfeiting the national currency;

The attempt to nullity the act passed by Congress over the Executive veto, for the reconstruction of the Union;

The suspension of Edwin M. Stanton from the office of Secretary of War, the duties of which he had performed not only with fidelity to the country, but with distinguished ability;

The removal of General Sheridan, an accomplished and illustrious officer, from his command, at the instance of prominent traitors whom he had offended by the faithful execution of the laws;

And the recent proclamation of amnesty, issued as we believe without authority, and for the purpose of restoring to influence and power persons who incited the South to rebellion, and who are yet under an oath of allegiance to a government unknown to the Constitution, which they hope to re-establish, are acts which constitute *prima facia*, such abuses and usurpations of power, as to demand the impeachment and trial of the offender, in order that the Constitution may be vindicated and the National government preserved in its integrity.

PERSONAL.

Ex-President Buchanan is in his 77th year.

Mr. Pierre Soule was in New Orleans last week.

Cyrus W. Field is seriously ill at New Hamburg, N. Y.

Rev. Frederick Frothingham has returned from Europe, and is preparing to enter upon his ministerial duties in Buffalo, N. Y.

Lamartine has returned from his Swiss journey, and is now at Saint Point; his health has benefited considerably by the change of air.

Thomas Carlyle—after "Shooting Niagara" and—is an independent candidate for one of the seats to be given to Chelsea under the new Reform Bill.

The Detroit *Post* speaks of McClellan as having been "at one time a candidate for the Presidency in the States of Kentucky, New Jersey, and Delaware."

The *Tribune* says: "A gentleman in Connecticut, after reading 'every article of every number of the *Journal of Commerce*' for fifteen years, has just died."

Gerge Sand has commenced the publication in the *Revue de Deux Mondes* of a drama entitled "Cadio"—founded upon incidents of the Vendean rebellion.

Miss Ruth A. Damon, of the Canton Theological School, has accepted a call from the Society at Cavendish, Vt. She is represented as a good scholar and speaker.

James A. Cutting, the inventor of the ambrotype picture, died some days since in an insane asylum, near Boston. He had been an inmate of the institution for some time past.

Frances D. Gage, whose severe illness we mentioned several weeks since, is now in this city at Dr. Taylor's Swedish Movement Cure. She is rapidly improving, with a fair prospect of early complete restoration to good health. She confidently expects to be able to resume, at no distant period, her labors as a writer and lecturer.

A Western Committeeman, asked why he invited Emerson to lecture, replied: "I knew our folks didn't keer pertikuleerly tu heer him, but I think that he and the likes of he ought to be encouraged."

Mr. W. J. Linton, the English artist, poet, and reformer, who is well known to many of our readers, is now in London, engaged upon a new work on Engraving. He is expected to arrive in this city again about the middle of October.

Mr. Bergh, President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, delivered an address before the Putnam County Agricultural Society at Carmel, on Thursday last, on the objects of the Society in this city.

Susan B. Anthony, in behalf of the American Equal Rights Association, 37 Park Row, has just issued in neat Tract form, Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher, Geo. Wm. Curtis, and Mrs. John Stuart Mill, on Equal Suffrage for Men and Women.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Studwell, of Brooklyn, celebrated their "Wooden Wedding," on Monday evening, the 23d inst. They were visited by a large number of friends, and were recipients of many beautiful and curious gifts appropriate to the occasion.

The Rev. Robert Collyer, of Chicago, preached an eloquent and eminently practical sermon to a very large congregation in All Souls (Rev. Dr. Bellows's) Church, in this city, on Sunday morning last. He will occupy the same pulpit again to-morrow.

The late Abel Adams, of Roxbury, Mass., left, by his will, to Ralph Waldo Emerson and his children $1,000 each; to the Boston Home for Aged Men, $25,000; to the Sailors' Snug Harbor, of Boston, $15,000; to the Boston Asylum and Farm School, $5,000, and to the Boston Port Society, $5,000.

Charles Dickens writes to a friend in Boston: "I notice that about once in every seven years I become the victim of a paragraph disease. It breaks out in England, travels to India by the Overland route, gets to America per Cunard line, strikes the base of the Rocky Mountains, and, rebounding back to Europe, mostly perishes on the steppes of Russia from inanition and extreme cold."

MR. GEORGE F. HORTON of Terrytown, Bradford Co, Penn., in a letter accompanying a remittance for THE STANDARD, says: The work of THE STANDARD was never more needed, nor never more profitably laid out, than at present. Not unfrequently a period of reform is followed by a deathly retrograde movement, and then it is that the time comes to try men's souls; and but too many evidences of this state of things are now witnessed all over the country. Strange that so many good men cast the *Presidency* and *principle* into the balance and then kick the beam in favor of the former. Strange that so many good men still see their fellow-men in the old light of "all other persons," or as trees walking, and refuse them the ballot. But so it is; and THE STANDARD is the only political paper, so far as I know, that dares to tell such persons the whole truth. If there can be such a creature as a *conservative Radical*, he is a being who says, "Certainly, the President ought to be impeached, but it might foil or it might damage the Republican party." The old song again, "I am an Abolitionist, but"—. These statesmen seem to me just about equal to "chips in the porridge," and I am glad THE STANDARD is casting them out. "Cry aloud—spare not."

The Worcester (Mass.) *Spy* notices a lecture given by John B. Gough on the 12th inst. in aid of the Shrewsbury (Mass.) Soldiers' Monument. After the lecture there was a supper in the vestry of the church in which the lecture was given. The *Spy* says: "The church was crowded, and the seats for the supper that followed were sold at an early hour. Mr. Gough, as he always does, held his audience at his will. At the supper in the vestry, Rev. Mr. Dyer presided, and Mr. Hapgood acted as toastmaster. One of the most distinguished of the guests present was Anna Dickinson, and she was called up to respond to a sentiment commemorative of "Our fallen heroes," which she did most eloquently and with deep feeling. She recalled a scene to which she was once a witness in Chicago, when two or three thousand wounded soldiers passed her, some without arms, some with but a single leg, all maimed and crippled in some shape. She told also of her visits to battle-fields, relating anew the story of the heroic self-sacrifices, the patiently borne sufferings of our wounded and dying soldiers on battle-field and in hospital. No marble was white enough on which to record the memory of those brave souls. No pen could be eloquent enough to write their epitaph. The words of Miss Dickinson found quick response in the moist eyes of all who listened to her voice. Mr. Gough, in response to a sentiment to himself and the cause to which he has given his best energies, spoke earnest words of encouragement, of warning, and of advice to young men."

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MR. GEORGE W. SMALLEY.

LONDON, Sept. 10, 1867.

MY DEAR POWELL: A promise I made to write you, has been a thorn in my side the last three months—so long that I hope you have forgotten to reproach me, and have been good enough to suppose, as the fact is, that I was excessively busy. An American needs to come abroad in order that he may value the nervous energy which his own climate supplies, and which this does not. Physiologists say we wear out faster in America. I dare say we do, but we get through a good deal of work meantime. To one who settles down in London it is really necessary to get acclimatised, in order not to be a drone in this busy hive. The air puts you to sleep. It is like the sea air, and nobody ever wants to do anything on shipboard. To rival the energy which those muscular Englishmen show, one must adopt English habits, live half out of doors, exercise, and perhaps delicate people may need beer besides. Last year I came to London half a dozen times from the Continent, and always felt the same lethargic influence of the climate, so that though I don't remember to have seen it commented on, I believe it does exist, and I could add other testimony than mine for the fact. Dr. Johnson would not allow to weather or climate any control over a man's activity, but we may leave him to settle that with Buckle in their walks and talks in the Elysian Fields.

It is a traveller's fashion to record his first impressions of a country. Americans drift into this office from time to time, with a curious assortment of opinions. One gentleman had been struck with the scarcity of ice. Another found his attention occupied with the difference in the management of railways. Mr. Wells writes to the *Times* that the civility with which Americans are treated personally seems to him a remarkable thing. Perhaps an Abolitionist would generalise Mr. Wells's statement, and be most struck to find that on this side the Atlantic the word American is not limited to white citizens of the United States. Last year when, I first crossed over to Paris, I went, American fashion, to the Grand Hotel, the largest and most splendid hotel in Europe. Going down to breakfast, the very first persons on whom my eyes fell were two unmistakable mulattoes, seated comfortably in the restaurant of the hotel. The room was filled with whites, but neither blacks nor whites seemed uncomfortable. There was not merely no objection to the presence of blacks, but there was nobody who seemed to be aware of two colors in the room. The remarkable thing about it was that it did not strike anybody as remarkable. A party of elegantly-dressed whites sat at the two adjoining tables. They were not waited upon with any more civility or attention than their mulatto neighbors, and I don't think it would have occurred to any of them to feel annoyed or insulted by the presence of the blacks. I do not know whether these same respectable mulattoes would have been, or could now be, received in the Fifth Avenue Hotel at New York. I am sure that if they were, they would have attracted notice, and perhaps insult. Paris is so far ahead of New York in recognizing the rights of humanity. Her great hotel does not know the color of a man's face. He may be yellow or black, provided he is decently dressed and has money enough to pay his bill—which, I may remark in passing—is sure to be large enough to be a test of one sort of respectability. It is very well to go to the Grand Hotel for a day, as one would go to any other costly spectacle of Paris. After that, the wise traveller, though he be rich as Astor, will go to any one of the thirty or fifty other hotels in Paris, at which he may have more comfort for very much less money.

London is not behind Paris in its indifference to color. The Duchess of Sutherland's salons are famous in America, as admitting both races of our countrymen. Others less famous are just as liberal. I have met negroes four or five times at dinners and parties in private houses. I should be just as likely to meet them if I went not to Radical but to Tory dinners, or at least, the negro, if shut out, would not be shut out for his color, his politics might exclude him, for society has opinions and sticks to them. Tories and Liberals meet at the same houses, but the tone of society at almost any place is strongly on one side or the other. I must not write about private matters, yet I think I may mention the one fact which shows more strongly than any other I know that an American may outgrow here his American prejudice about color. I met Sella Martin and his wife at Mr. Adams's on the evening of last Fourth of July. Let us hope Mr. Johnson will not recall his Minister on this account. Mr. Adams's rooms were filled that night with Americans almost exclusively. If anybody felt himself outraged by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Martin, the feeling was kept under control. But it is necessary to make one qualification in speaking of the civility of London to people of color, and that is the use of that offensive corruption of the word negro which in America was characteristic of slaveholders, and of the Northern tools of slaveholders. In America you might almost tell a man's politics by observing whether he said "Negro" or "Nigger." There is also a conviction in the North that the latter is a vulgarism of the coarsest kind, and Mr. Seward expressed something of this feeling when he said, referring to Douglass of Illinois, that no man could be President of the United States who spelled negro with two g's. But here the two g's are almost a matter of course in the newspapers. You might expect the word in such journals as the *Saturday Review*, which takes pretty much the Carlyle view of the negro, but you will find it almost as frequently in the *Spectator*. The odd thing in both cases is that it seems to be considered a perfectly correct word, quite as good English and quite as inoffensive as "negro." In conversation it is less common.

London is what people call empty. Such a year's work has been done as England has not seen for thirty-five years, and the men who have done it are off for a vacation. No, I am wrong. The men who did this work are not of the sort who take vacations. Not Disraeli and his Tory body guard, not any party in Parliament, not Gladstone, not even John Bright is the author of such a Reform as England has got to-day. The people of England passed the bill in mass meeting. It was passed not this year, but last; not in London but in Birmingham, where a hundred thousand voices said aye, in Manchester where twice as many thundered for popular rights; in Liverpool, in Glasgow. The men who followed the banner of the Reform League in London had their share in the work. If they had a recognized leader it was John Bright, but even Bright has builded better than he knew, and is not quite sure what will come of a measure which is larger than he asked for and more than he meant to get. It is harder to be a Democrat in England than a Democrat in America. The Tories really feel safer than the Liberals, for the Tories believe the enfranchised million can be bullied and bought. The Liberals look to education, but education will not tell at the polls next year, nor the next. The Reform League, which has no great leader, but seems to have an instinct for doing the right thing at the right time, is organizing for the first campaign with a well-defined plan for reaching the working men by lectures and personal appeals. The Reform League even stays in town in August and September when to be out of town, is the essence of English faith. One of the associations connected with it, not the League itself, proposes to hold a great Reform Banquet at the Crystal Palace in the last week of this month. The Liberals who are not afraid of being thought Radicals join in this celebration. Mr. Bright will go; Mr. Mill, Mr. Hughes, Mr. P. A. Taylor, will go. Earl Russell, who is about as much of a Liberal as Fessenden in America, writes a surly note to say he will not, because other Reforms remain to be accomplished. Mr. Gladstone, a man of higher and finer character than Russell, and possessing what Russell does not, a genuine sympathy with Reform, has given a qualified acceptance. The date is too early for the convenience of the men whose presence is most desired, but it is of much less consequence that they should come than that the people should come. A popular demonstration is a thing the English ruling classes have learned to respect. Public opinion contrived to make itself felt last year. The men who had no votes then will have them hereafter, and they have become the object of respectful solicitude on the part of an aristocracy which in politics has heretofore found it convenient to ignore their existence. The banquet at the Crystal Palace will be a workingmen's celebration, rightly meaning to emphasize the fact that the winning of this long struggle for Reform is a victory of the working class. There is a proposition also for a Tory dinner at the same place, and if the two shall occur, they will symbolize well enough the confusion that has fallen upon parties. The Palace is a marvellous place for a public demonstration. Last week it witnessed a Temperance Festival, which thirty or forty thousand people came from all parts of England to attend. Here, I believe, the Temperance movement does not mean, as in America, prohibition. Whether it means total abstinence I cannot say, but at any rate there was neither prohibition nor total abstinence on this occasion. Like every other public resort in England, the Palace is well supplied with drinking bars, and its bars were open for this temperance meeting and did not lack patronage. A fortnight before, there was a Foresters' Festival at the same place, the Forester's being a sort of charitable mutual-aid organization, extending all over England and numbering more than 300,000 members. There were 60,000 in the Palace and grounds. Beside the usual restaurants there were in the open air booths where hogsheads of ale and stout were retailed at sixpence a quart to people who fairly represented no doubt the lower middle classes of English life. The same classes were in the majority at the temperance festival, and whatever may be the merits of the movement, I am bound to say the temperance people were a good deal more orderly and of considerably better appearance than the others.

G. W. S.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, Sept. 21st, 1867.

THE *Courier*, of this city (weekly instead of daily), is again edited by Mr. George Lunt. It is well printed, on good paper, and is a handsome sheet, when surveyed from a little distance; therein following the general rule that no person or thing is absolutely destitute of good qualities. On looking closely enough to distinguish its contents, however, one finds the same old coppery characteristics which Mr. Edward Everett, after his conversion, felt obliged so emphatically to repudiate. He had withdrawn his subscription from the paper, but the publishers continued to send it to him, as they did so to many other persons in like circumstances during the first and second years of the war. The very sight of it, however, was an annoyance, and Mr. Everett particularly enjoined that it should no longer be sent, saying that he did not wish to have it seen about his premises.

I was reminded of this incident by seeing Mr. Everett's name mentioned in this week's issue of the *Courier*. The unscrupulous character of the paper appears in an editorial article in the same number, where Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, are represented as favoring the idea that our black citizens ought not to be allowed to vote, and that the government of this nation should be a "white man's government." A *bull* which the article contains—the mention of Africans *born in this country*—seems to be credited to Montgomery Blair, and may very likely belong to him; but a series of lies and absurdities following this came, plainly enough, from the head of the establishment. In order plausibly to oppose those who are loyal to the true idea of equal rights under the law, he *must* first misrepresent them; so he talks about an "attempt to establish ten negro commonwealths in the South"—of a "Radical design to overwhelm the ballot-boxes in the Southern States by the rush of a black mob"—of our Radical having "not the least objection to the extermination of three or four hundred thousand Indians by the sword and rifle"—and of these same Radicals intending "to exclude the white man and the European from the best part of this continent, to give it up to the negro." These figments are a real necessity of his case; but when he goes on to say that the action of black Americans, exercising the self-evident right of voting, with other citizens, in the choice of official servants for the nation, "will only degrade our blood, our *morals*, and our GOVERNMENT!"—that, indeed, is enough to make the soberest of cats laugh.

"Degrade our blood," says Mr. Lunt! as if any possible mixture of *his* blood with that of Robert Small would not be degradation rather to the latter than the former! "Degrade our morals!" as if the substitution of marriage for concubinage, which will be one of the surest results of the change of slaves to citizens, were a descent instead of an ascent in the moral scale! "Degrade our government?" It is difficult to understand the possibility of getting a worse government, in this country, than either of the two which Mr. Lunt has been accustomed to praise; that of James Buchanan before the war, and that of Andy Johnson after it. But, allowing the possibility, to enfranchise loyalists and disfranchise traitors is not the way to degrade the government; to provide, by law, the means of education for the whole people where, formerly, the laws themselves had taken away the key of knowledge—this is not to degrade the government; to establish equal rights before the law in place of the worst sort of class-legislation, this is not to degrade the government; to provide that public or private opinion may express itself at least as freely in favor of the right as of the wrong, this is not to degrade the government; to introduce an administration of justice which shall firmly oppose itself to duels, street brawls, mobs, and murderous assaults upon legislators for words spoken in debate, this is not to degrade the government; nor will it probably have that effect to interfere, by law, with the custom formerly prevailing in that region, of using women-servants as concubines, and selling their children at auction.

The dog-star (says some paper) has ceased to rage, and now the horse rules the hour. This is unfortunately made plain to the naked eye by handbills posted everywhere, as well as by long newspaper columns devoted to reports of horse-exhibitions, horse-fairs, horse-trots, horse-races. It is sad to see a custom coming up which combines great cruelty to horses with the demoralization of men, but we seem far advanced towards the adoption of this vulgar and vicious fashion, which, both in England and in our Southern States, has long been accustomed to bring the two extremes of society together in a way suited to promote the debasement of both. Mrs. Gilman of Charleston, South Carolina, whose books seemed to have for their chief object the defence of slavery, also praised horse-racing, and drew very attractive pictures of one side of that custom. The other side, the vulgar and vicious side, is set forth with equal plainness (though with no other intent than to raise a laugh at it) by another Southerner, the author of "Georgia Scenes." But these assemblages of blacklegs and gamblers are becoming quite common among us also, and the contagion of their manners and customs is of course having its effect upon the people who attend them merely for fashion's sake. The country people, in this as in other things, follow the example of the cities; and Josh Billings wittily describes to us the now dominant attraction of those exhibitions which used to be cattle-shows." He attended one this Fall; and he says of it—There were some oxen, and sheep, and pigs; and there were big vegetables and improved farm-implements; but the people did not seem interested in these; "what they wanted was the real agricultooral racing."

NORTH.

RECONSTRUCTION AND FINANCE.

IS THE PRINCIPAL OF OUR NATIONAL DEBT PAYABLE IN COIN.

This question is being discussed with more zeal than knowledge. Some contend that the "word and the faith" of the nation are pledged to pay in coin, but they fail to show any *legal* authority to sustain the opinion; others contend that one thousand millions or more in greenbacks should be issued, and the bonds paid with them. No sensible person, no friend of the country, advocates this view, because it would not only be a step *toward* repudiation, but one that could not be retraced. *Any* increase in the volume of paper currency must reduce the value, gold being the standard, and the commerce of the world makes it the standard whether it suits us or not. If the volume is doubled, the value will be but about one-half, and if quadrupled, as it would have to be to pay off all the bonds, the value would be so indefinite and the price so irregular that it would soon go out of use as a currency.

The proposition is too extravagant, to be alarming, besides the same moral element that aided so much in giving victory to our army will save the country from the disgrace of either a direct or indirect repudiation of the National debt.

Those of our citizens who advocate an *increase of greenbacks* sufficient to pay the bonds *owned* by the banks, and *held* by the government as security for the National Bank Notes, are not in favor of increasing the *volume* of currency, but of substituting greenbacks for National Bank Notes, and thus saving the people at large twenty millions in gold every year.

As the laws creating the various loans is the rule by which to judge how they are to be paid, I have prepared a synopsis of them for the benefit of your readers.

The Law of Feb. 25th, 1862, which authorizes the issue of 5-20's of that year, makes express provision for the interest being paid in coin. The same Act made greenbacks a legal tender, except for interest on bonds and for "duties." Nothing is said about the *principal* of the debt, except to name the periods when it may be paid.

The law of June 30th, 1864, which provided for the issue of the bonds known as 5-20's of 1864, makes the same provision, that the interest shall be payable in coin, and says nothing as to how the *principal* shall be paid.

The law of March 3d, 1865, which authorizes the issue of the 5-20's of that year, and the year 1867, which are now being exchanged for the 7-30's of August, 1867, makes no *positive* provision for the payment of the principal *or* interest in *coin*.

I quote the words of this law as it will bear the construction.

"And the interest on such bonds shall be payable semi-annually; and on Treasury Notes authorized by this Act, the interest may be made payable semi-annually, or annually, or at maturity thereof; and the principal, or interest, or both, may be made payable in coin or in other lawful money: Provided, That the rate of interest on any such bonds or Treasury Notes, when payable in coin, shall not exceed six per centum per annum; and when not payable in coin shall not exceed seven and three-tenths per centum per annum; and the rate and character of interest shall be expressed on all such bonds or Treasury Notes."

The law of March 3d, 1864, which authorized the loan known as 10-40's, is very explicit in saying that the principal and interest shall *both* be paid in *coin*.

The law of March 3d, 1863, authorized the issue of nine hundred million of 5-20's, and is very explicit in saying that the *principal and interest* shall be paid in *coin*. But in the loan bill of the 3d of March, 1864, I find that the law authorizing the above-named nine hundred million was repealed, "except so far as it may affect seventy-five millions of bonds already advertised," of which about fifty million had been sold.

The law of 1865 authorizes 7-30 notes as well as 5-20 bonds, and requires that the *character* of the interest shall be shown upon the certificate of the loans. In the 7-30's, the character is designated "as currency," but in the bonds of 1865 and 1867 it is omitted.

Senator Fessenden did not consider the principal payable in coin, for in Dec., 1864, when Secretary of the Treasury, he called the attention of the House of Representatives to the "omission" and "respectfully recommended" that it should be corrected.

But Congress did not "remove the doubts," for in the next loan bill, March 3, 1865, it omitted to make it *positive* that even the *interest* should be paid in coin.

I think a reasonable inference from the above is, that Congress did not wish to commit itself to a *promise* to pay the principal of our 5-20's in coin. It must not be forgotten that the first loan bill *after* the suspension of specie payments, made greenbacks a legal tender for ALL debts and claims due to and *from* the government, except "duties" and *interest* on bonds.

When we can borrow money at a lower rate than six per cent. it is our duty to do it and to pay off such of the 5-20's as we have a right to. The fact that the bondholder bought them at very low prices, or that they paid for them in greenbacks can have nothing to do with our paying them. We took the money voluntarily, and were glad to get it. But our bargain to pay had a condition. The government retained the option to pay in five years. The holders of bonds must not shrink from the consequences, and now that money is cheap and our credit is improved, and we can raise money on better terms, is it not the duty of the party in power to do so, and to pay the 514 millions which matured May 1st, 1867? By creating a long loan, not retaining an option, making it *positive* that interest *and* principal shall be paid in *coin*, enough money can be had, at a less rate than six per cent. per annum, to redeem all the 5-20's, and consolidate the loan. The interest of the people at large demands this, and the Republicans should hasten to accomplish it. That it is asked for by their opponents should not deter them. A party always gains power by yielding to the reasonable requests of its opponents. Our loans have sold low because we retained the right to pay them in five years, and because we did not make the *principal* also payable in *coin*. E. M. DAVIS.

STATE EDUCATION.

"THE State, while it respects the liberty of each in what specially regards himself, is bound to maintain a vigilant control over his exercise of any power which it allows him to possess over others." This sentiment of one of the most enlightened present advocates of liberty, applies most forcibly to the perfecting of freedom at the South by our State, to wit: the United States Government. The slaves have been freed, yet they possess not proper ideas of liberty, because uncultured in and degraded by slavery. Is it justice to them for us to leave their former masters in almost the entire control of the means of a general literary and political education; to permit those whose friendship for the freedmen is, at least, questionable, to undertake the enlightening of their minds as to the verities of their present status,—one which so much white and black Southern blood was shed and treasure expended to render impossible of attainment; one which the Southern whites, (and too many Northern whites), so reluctantly accept? It seems to us that our duty to the freedmen is as yet hardly half done; that, unless we maintain a vigilant control over, and guidance of the white Southron's exercise of the educative power which we allow him to possess over others, especially over his ignorant black fellow citizens, we waste the present golden opportunities afforded us of securing the implanting of the seed-thoughts of liberty in their minds; that we otherwise, leave the soil after so carefully clearing, ploughing, and enriching it with patriot blood, to be sown with principles inimical to a genuine liberty,—to true Americanism. We do not deem it sufficient merely to oppose the innate love of freedom possessed by the freedmen against the educative power of their cultured enemies. We believe that if this were relied on, their chains would be, virtually, reforged, or their expulsion from the land be secured, or their utter extermination be experienced. The result of a combat between such culture and such ignorance could but be the ruin of the latter.

Even if every white Southron were displaced by a white Northron, possessed of the common Northern culture in the principles and practices of liberty, yet would it, in our opinion, be highly important for the State to maintain a vigilant control over the Northrons' use of the educative power which it would allow them to possess over the freedmen. If this view be just and equitable, how broad, penetrating and definitive should be the control of the State over the present educative power of the white Southron over the black Southron, which is so intensified by their past relationship of master and slave, and which is so potently subserved by the silent, subtle influences of the freedmen's beloved natal scenes, and the universal *argumentum ad hominem* of present wages.

We look upon the Southern freedmen as so many beings whom the State has brought into existence, as it were,—to whom the State has given the birth of freedom,—and that, the State in doing so, clearly becomes responsible for their culture in the general principles and laws of their new life. We believe that this state responsibility must be more than negative; that it should occasion not only an active, vigilant State control over the exercise of the educative power of the Southern whites over the Southern blacks, but that it is necessarily accompanied by certain moral obligations which the State necessarily assumes in the premises, and which require of it an active State cooperation with, and supreme guidance and efficient control of, the white educators and the practical working of the system of the freedmens' education.

In saying this, we would not lose sight of those limits to such State interference which the genius of Americanism should fix, and which it more or less clearly defines. Our present fear is lest the State, in freeing the blacks, may permit, by default, the liberty of the Southern whites to become license—that deadliest of foes to real freedom; that it may accredit the white Southrons with a larger, truer conception of liberty than their antecedents, in our view, would warrant, and overlook the fact that the Southern whites have not themselves escaped the degrading influences of slavery, and that, therefore, they need a certain amount of culture in Americanism before they assume the office of teacher to their colored brethren. And, because of this fear, and because of the other reasons to which we have now so briefly alluded, do we hope that the attention of the coming Congress will be especially directed to the subject of this article, and that Congress will act so as to secure the permanent maintenance of a vigilant control over the white Southron's exercise of the educative power over the black Southrons, and see that the South generally is provided with the means for its culture in the essential elements of real freedom. C.

MR. EMERSON'S ORATION.

A CRITICISM BY REV. BERIAH GREEN.

NO. III.

"*Culture in America*" is given as the theme of Mr. Emerson's Oration, lately pronounced before the Phi Beta Kappa of Harvard College. It was culture, properly *human*, I suppose, which he offered to illustrate and commend. On the development and growth of other natures than the Human, however important in this or that respect, he is not here disposed to insist. In the Animal which we inherit and inhabit, we may doubtless be akin to the animals around us. We and they here may acquire growth and culture on much the same conditions. To find, however, those elements of our existence, which entitle us to a place in the human family, we must rise to a higher sphere. There only can we become in manifestation what we are in organism, MEN, characteristically and distinctively. Human culture, by whatever means and in whatever degree, consists only and always in the possession and manifestation of our proper selves, whatever may be adapted to this result may fitly be regarded as educational.

The Ordinances of Reason pervade, inform, vitalize human nature. They reveal themselves to our consciousness, authoritatively. They offer us right royally protection, guidance and encouragement. *Obedience is the standard and the measure of our culture.* The exercise and development of any of our powers, otherwise than in harmony with the Principles of Reason, whatever monsters may be the result, cannot make MEN. In this way foxes and swine—goats and tigers in human forms may, troop upon troop, be graduated; eminent for their attainments in Literature and Science—may occupy high places and bear lofty titles; and not a MAN show his face among them all. In aim, method, exertion, enjoyment, they may be the very opposite of Human. What sort of culture, in America or elsewhere, is that which produces such results?

How Mr. Emerson may regard—how he would define Human Culture, cannot, I think, be easily inferred from this oration. Could he pronounce instruction on this subject, however rudimental, uncalled for at the position he was invited to occupy? Had he not heard of a college which lavished marked tokens of complacency and confidence on one of its Alumni, who, when a member of the National Legislature made haste to defend—to justify the foulest of National crimes by appealing to the authority of the New Testament? Had he forgotton how promptly and adroitly this distinguished scholar, whose name the Triennial Catalogue presents in *italic letters*, drew the Sacred Volume from his pocket for the purpose of making Jesus Christ, in the grim revolting presence of slaveholders, the champion of slavery? With the highest reputation for comprehensiveness and finished culture, he rose to the highest office in his native State; remembers Mr. Emerson the attitude he there assumed in his relations to those who demanded the abolition of "the peculiar institution." Did a practical rejection of primal truths, pronounced in our political scriptures self-evident—at his position equally perverse and mischievous, throw the slightest obstacle in his way to the headship of his college? This college had already frowned upon the German Scholar, one of the ripest of the age, pre-eminently beautiful and brave, whose face was illuminated with wisdom and love, sublimely strong and magnanimously gentle; *had dismissed him from its Faculty for nothing else than his broad, generous and effective Human Culture!* And when, in 1850, *Daniel Webster* bowed down in deep prostration to the bloodiest of idols, can Mr. Emerson inform us how the prominent figures at Cambridge College regarded the apostate? Did they not eagerly identify themselves with him in the crime he had committed and the infamy he had incurred? Surely, in disposing of such a theme as Human Culture, there was large occasion *here* for definition and illustration.

But had not a radical and far-reaching change been witnessed within a few years at Cambridge College? In the last Triennial, do we not find more than forty pages occupied as a record of the names of its students, who, "during the war of the rebellion," fought for their country? "The war of the rebellion!" All rebellion consists in overt attacks on the principles of civil government—on the rights of mankind—on the prerogatives and privileges which human nature is inalienably entitled to assert and enjoy. And this under the most atrocious and revolting forms had been openly raging in our country, ages upon ages. *Man*, when most clearly and fully entitled to protection and encouragement, had been, in this republic and according to its enactments, reduced in millions of instances to an "article of merchandise"—had been bought and sold—had been held in the most abject subserviency to the appetites, passions and caprices of the licensed kidnappers, on whom the Republic showered profusely its highest honors: did Cambridge College expose, condemn and resist these gross absurdities and revolting atrocities? One of the Faculty, Charles Follen, by name, threw himself, bravely, between the slave and his oppressor, and was dismissed for his heroism. One of its most cherished Alumni, Edward Everett, by name, attempted, on the summit of the Republic the defense of slavery, and as Governor of the State threw himself between the Abolitionists and the outcasts, whom they would succor, and Cambridge College, as by acclamation, made him its presiding genius. If "the wicked" had in this case "forsaken his ways," and "the unrighteous his thoughts," we might well expect some better proof than the support of a "Federal Union," however expensive, which gave its countenance and support to slavery, till the bosomed snake stuck its fangs into the flesh right over what was called the heart could furnish. If any Cambridge student fought for justice and freedom in the late war, he fought for these sublime ideas under false colors—under the guidance of chieftains, who loudly declared that *such was* NOT *the object of the strife*. Alas, for the paragraph which closes the oration! BERIAH GREEN.

To the Editor of the Standard:

WHO does not respond, in one sense, to the following aspiration of President Johnson, in his late speech at Antietam?

"When we look on yonder battle-field and think of the brave men on both sides, who fell in the fierce struggle of battle, and who now sleep silent in their graves,—yea, who sleep in silence and in peace after the earnest conflict has ceased,—would to God, *we* of the living could imitate their example as they lie sleeping in peace in their tombs, and live together in friendship and peace."

AMEN! we may well say to all that, except the implication that in order to such peace we must *go to the tombs!* We don't believe that, notwithstanding Andrew Johnson's persistent and treasonable efforts to drive us unto death and destruction as a Republic.

At any rate, with all due deference to his majestic "Accidency" of the White House, we may well wish that he himself may speedily realize the peace he thus covets, and in the way indicated, if he prefers it! The grateful tears of a redeemed land would undoubtedly follow him to that rest.

When *is* this persistent nuisance, at Washington, to be abated? When *are* we to hear of practical and popular protests? How much longer must it be before our patience hath its perfect work? In the remonstrant words of Sallust to an old conspirator—*Quousque tandem abutere, Catalina, nostram patientiam.*

Hurry up Congress! Hurry up Senators! Integrate, consolidate, and give a compact expression to all the legislative and executive forces of loyal States! Press forward the protest of a sovereign people, by measures for impeachment and removal of Andrew Johnson, and thus let us have an end to these cunning, crafty underplottings of a bad man. J. T. S.

Boston, Sept. 23d, 1867.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the Standard:

THE new Horticultural Hall, Broad street, north of Spruce, has been engaged for Friday, Nov. 8th. It will comfortably seat, on the floor and in the gallery, over two thousand people, and it should be full.

E. M. DAVIS,
For the Ex. Com. of the State Soc.

LITERARY.

NATURE AND LIFE: Sermons by Robt. Collyer. 12mo., cloth. 313 pp. Boston: H. B. Fuller, 245 Washton st. Price, $1 50.

As one who has been treading some arid, monotonous plain, comes suddenly upon a grove of cooling shade, so to the mind accustomed to dry theological doctrine, come the sweet-lipped utterances of the above well-known writer and minister.

A poet in spite of himself, Mr. Collyer's sermons are poems. An artist, with the artist eye for beauty, his illustrations have the richness and coloring of figures upon canvas. A philosopher, diving deep into the hidden truth of things, he rejects the soulless form, the austerity, the unmeaning jargon with which Christianity was wont to clothe itself, and his faith in its simplicity, rare spiritual insight and tenderness, is easy of comprehension to the most illiterate or childlike mind.

To assist him in its formation, he had but few of the advantages that attend those endowed with worldly possessions. Coming to this country a laboring mechanic, with scanty stock of knowledge and scantier stock of this world's goods, he at once, in the intervals of labor, commenced the ground-work of that education only dreamed of in the years of English toil. His thoughts early turned into religious channels, and for ten years the Methodist Circuits of the neighborhood of Philadelphia, near which city he then resided, were enriched with his eloquence. Yet, like the old-time Apostle, he ceased not from physical labor. When not on the Circuit, the sound of his hammer could be heard with as steady a beat as the Village Blacksmith of Longfellow's. His shop was his study. As he wrought, his mind was busy with the great problems of existence, and that decade of years, which would have been aimless to many, brought him not only a capital of health and vital force he could afterwards draw without risk upon, but gave a healthfulness and glow of thought denied to many a student trained at the University. During the last two years of his blacksmith life, Mr. Collyer formed the acquaintance of Lucretia Mott and Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, the former of whom had a great influence in forming his religious character and opening new views to his mind.

The Methodists, refusing to renew his license, he having accepted an invitation to fill a Unitarian pulpit, he accepted an invitation to the ministry at large in Chicago, where he has since resided, not only building up a prosperous mission, but winning a national reputation as preacher, philanthropist and writer.

Did space permit, we would gladly make some extracts from this charming volume, but we can only say to those who love religious ideas and sentiments dressed in exquisite imagery, flavored with the sweetest and most trustful piety, get *Nature and Life* and bathe in the mingled sweetness and hopefulness of the preacher poet.

LIFE OF JOSIAH QUINCY. By his Son. 12mo., cloth. 552 pp. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Among the names of those of a past generation New England will hold in honorable remembrance, is that of the subject of the above volume.

Born in 1772, just before the birth of American Independence, and dying in 1864, the culmination of the great uprising against a worse than British despotism—the despotism of slavery—almost all the events of our national existence were rounded in his life, and his history is not that of an individual's alone but of a nation's. Indeed, there is a feeling of sadness in the reflection that the great links binding us with the past are so rapidly severing, and that the present generation may look no more on the worthies who stamped their moral or intellectual grandeur on our earlier history.

The volume abounds with historical allusions and reminiscences charming to New Englanders, and the very handsome manner in which the publishers have issued it from the press must commend it to book fanciers and the public generally.

THE EARLY YEARS OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE CONSORT. Compiled under the direction of Her Majesty the Queen. 12mo., cloth, 371 pp. New York: Harper & Bros.

Among the innovations of the present age, perhaps there is no one more striking than that of the growing disposition of Crowned Heads to familiarize themselves with their subjects and the world at large. The olden idea of royal exclusiveness is rapidly disappearing. That sense of "Divinity which doth hedge about a king" is giving place to the more sensible idea of responsibility, and we regard it as one of the most encouraging signs of the times that rulers such as Napoleon more and more see the necessity of throwing themselves on the intelligence of their subjects and appealing to it for their verdict. Of kings and queens, once so shrouded by robe of state and sceptre, clearer glimpses are afforded, and they stand forth human with all the virtues and failings of mortals.

To this happier state of things, the widow'd Queen of England has contributed her portion by the giving to the public her *Life of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort*. We speak of it as the Queen's production, for although purporting to have been merely compiled under her direction, an investigation of the volume satisfies the reader that it may be fairly regarded as the work of her Majesty. A considerable portion, and that by far the most interesting, is direct from her pen; the letters and journal of the Prince were furnished by her after her careful supervision of their contents, and almost every page of the charming compilation bears the evidence of her co-operation. The publicity already given to the work by the numerous extracts with which the public are familiar, renders it unnecessary for us to speak in detail of its character further than to say that, of its frankness, its utter absence from all attempts at fine writing and real literary ability only a careful perusal affords an adequate idea. We trust that in the volumes to follow, the Queen will feel even a greater freedom to lend her assistance to the task, assured that in both hemispheres thousands of hearts, who revere the memory of the Prince, will bless her for the work. As a Queen she has an unblemished record; it is within her power to exert a yet greater influence upon her kind by the exercise of that rare ability she has given such undisputable evidence of possessing.

The volume is issued in elegant style from the press of Harper & Bros., a house eminent for its enterprise and fairness in dealing with trans-Atlantic publications, and which will publish the following volumes in order of their home appearance.

The *Phrenological Journal* for October is a particularly valuable number. It opens with an interesting analysis of the character of Thomas Nast, the well-known artist, giving also sketch of his life and principal works, and papers on *Mary Queen of Scotts*, Alfred L. Sewell, Ira Aldridge, etc., make up a number of more than ordinary interest. The *Book Table* is full as usual, and all the departments betoken success and good management.

Among the good things of *Harper's Weekly* of Sept. 28th, is an illustration by A. W. Thompson, which forcibly denotes the march of events. It is entitled, *Registration at the South.* The scene is at Asheville, North Carolina, and represents an assemblage of whites and negroes in front of the proper office for resistration, and the jubilant expression of the freedmen and the sullen, woe-begone countenances of their late masters, tell volumes of history and indelibly stamp the progress of our nation.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for October contains The Guardian Angel; Themistocles; Ben. Johnson; Uncharitableness; The Rose Rollins; The Flight of the Goddess; The Throne of the Golden Foot; The Autobiography of a Quack; A Native of Borneo; By-Ways of Europe; Dinner Speaking; Writings of T. Adolphus Trollope; Reviews and Literary Notices.

A pamphlet favoring emancipation in Brazil has recently been published in Brussels, by a young Brazilian named F. A. Brandas, Jr., a graduate of the University of Brussels, Belgium. It is written in the Portuguese language, and is entitled "*A escravatura no Brazil, precedida d'um artigo sobre agricultura e colonisacao no Maranhas*, por F. A. Brandas, jor, doutorands en scienaias nturaes na universidade de Bruxellas." [Slavery in Brazil, preceded by an article on Agriculture and Colonization in the Province of Maranham.] Mr. Brandas is a follower of the great French philosopher, Auguste Comte, and the pamphlet is written from the standpoint of Positivism, which takes cognizance of all subjects affecting the welfare and interests of Humanity, whether in the domain of philosophy, politics or morals.

Auguste Comte, though dead, is, through his English followers, about to found a new religion. A Church founded on Positivism is now forming in London, where meetings have for some time been held, sermons preached, and the abstract principles of the French philosopher reduced to a religious formulary. The new sect repudiates the supernatural origin of religion, making man its source and object. Humanity is its deity, and eminent men who have contributed to the improvement of the race are objects of worship. Comte is an object of special reverence. The pastor is Richard Congreve, M.A., formerly a clergyman of the Church of England, and late Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford, author of several Positivist publications. A Positivist Church has for some years existed in Paris, under the direction of M. Pierre Laffitte, actual Chief of the Positive School since the death of Comte. There have been at least fifty works published on Positivism, in France, England, Holland, and North America; the principal European writers being Auguste Comte, Pierre Laffitte, Richard Congreve, Dr. Robinet, Dr. John H. Bridges (late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford), Baron de Constant-Rebecque, Dr. Georges Audiffrent; and in this country, Henry Edger, of Modern Times, Suffolk county, Long Island, who is now organizing a Positive Community in that village, particulars concerning which are contained in a circular issued gratis by Mr. Edgar.

The hand-book of the new religion is a 12mo. of 428 pages, entitled "The Catechism of Positivism."

OF the decision of Lord Stanley to abide by the policy of his predecessors in office in regard to the Alabama claims, the London *Examiner* says:

Lord Stanley is one of those colorless politicians who are to be found in both the great hereditary parties, who never know precisely how long the existing combinations may last, and who, except on personal grounds, seldom really care. The standing maxim with such men has ever been to keep a vigilant eye on *paulo post* future contingences; to treat every present friend as though you knew not how soon he might become an adversary; and every present adversary as if to-morrow he might be an official friend. These men are neither Whigs or Tories, for they lack the distinctive faith of either, and are ready to combine and coalesce in turn with either or both. Their attachments are like those of the woman of Samaria, and they are never quite sure how long the actual connection of the day will last. It is this readiness and relish for coalitions, and the elastic theories of government which it implies, that has tended more than anything else to render the mass of the people sceptical as to the earnestness and conscientiousness of public men. Occasionally a politician rises up who will not jib or job, truckle or turn, make up to suit the Cabinet cut of the day, or go masquerading for the hour to suit the humor of the multitude. But Lord Stanley is not one of these; and he has shown during the past session as much facility in conforming his votes to the exigencies of the Administration he happens now to belong to, as in his dispatches he manifests a shrewd desire to keep well with the Aministration that went before, and that may possibly follow after.

Meanwhile the unfortunate cause of difference between the United States and the United Kingdom remains just where it was twelve months ago. It would be an inestimable benefit to both countries, and of inestimable value to the future peace of the world to have it set at rest ere new complications arise. But it does not appear to be so clearly for the interest of party politicians to settle it just now; so we and the world must wait.

RECEIVED.

Our Young Folks for October. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for October.

Every Saturday, No. 90. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Littell's Living Age, No. 1214. Boston: Littell & Gay.

The *Little Corporal*, Vol. 5, No. 4. Chicago: Alfred L. Sewall, publisher.

Harper's Monthly for October.

DRAMATIC.

RISTORI.

Mme. Ristori's second season in America was begun at the French Theatre on Wednesday evening of last week. For the opening night *Medea* was selected, and the great tragedienne was welcomed by a large and cultured audience. *Francesca di Rimini*, *Mary Stuart* and *Elizebeth*, complete the list of personations thus far, which, if not attended with quite the enthusiasm of her previous appearances have received no less of quiet appreciation.

We had the pleasure of seeing her in the favorite play, *Elizabeth* last Monday evening. The role is one in which Mme. Ristori gained great praise during the last season from critical pens and the general public, and her performance throughout was of such marked excellence that the audience, critical from so lately witnessing the superb renderings of Mrs. Lander, testified, by their wrapt attention, the keenness of their appreciation. We are not of those who would make invidious comparisons between these two artists, each of assured fame. We regret to see the tendency to such contrasts. It is all unnecessary. The great Ristori comes before us with a reputation world-wide. We bow before the majesty of her delineations, but, recognizing all the excellencies of her school, we hold not the less dear our own unrivalled Queen of dramatic art.

The character of Elizabeth is a favorite of Ristori's, and her delineation of it, though essentially different from Mrs. Lander's, displays eminent ability, giving the fullest scope to her varied powers. Her support is admirable, and the improvements recently introduced by Manager Grau add greatly to the effect.

Edwin Forrest still continues to draw good houses at the Broadway Theatre. On Wednesday evening (the 25th) he played Macbeth to a crowded audience. His engagement continues for several weeks and promises to be a great success.

Among several English dramatists who have lately turned actors are mentioned Mr. Bernard and Mr. Byron, the latter of whom only returns to the stage, he having been an actor before he became a successful writer.

MUSICAL.

The celebrated pianist, Leopold De Meyer will play at Steinway Hall for a number of nights, beginning Oct. 1st. The series of Concerts by Mr. Harrison, are announced to begin Nov. 21st.

SUMMARY.

—Two colored men act as interpreters for the Creek and Seminole Indians.

—THE Franklin Telegraph Company have built a line from this city to Cincinnati and Louisville, in the West, and to Bangor in the East. The office was opened yesterday.

—THADDEUS STEVENS was reported to be dying on Monday last, but is now thought to be out of immediate danger.

—MRS. MAJOR GRIFFIN has reached New York. She came on from the grave of her husband, a victim of the yellow fever at Galveston.

—GEN. SICKLES and Sheridan were serenaded last night in Washington. The former made a long and able political speech. The latter made one merely of thanks, but as short as Grant's. So did Gen. Hancock who was subsequently serenaded.

GEN. SHERIDAN has declined a public reception from the City Councils of Philadelphia.

—THE German Republicans, as they call themselves, met at Syracuse on the 25th inst. to take action upon the Excise law.

—GEN. ROSSEAU has left San Francisco as Government Agent, to take possession of Alaska—a place, which, owing to political circumstances, it has taken him seven months to reach.

—GARIBALDI has made his appearance at Arezzo, forty miles from Florence. He is supposed to be moving on Rome.

—MALLORY, the ex-Confederate Secretary of the Navy, has been pardoned by the President. Only Benjamin, who was Secretary of State and then of War to Mr. Davis, remains "unpardoned" now.

—SIR FREDERICK BRUCE's body will be taken to England on the steamer China, which leaves Boston for Liverpool to-morrow at noon.

—THE Republican State Convention will meet at Syracuse on the 25th. Roscoe Conkling leads the delegation from Utica.

—GEN. KYLE and Senator Paterson, son-in-law of the President, were engaged in a bar-room fight recently in Washington.

—THE collision on the 20th inst. of the steamers Vanderbilt and Dean Richmond was a criminal disaster, which the pilot of one or the other of the boats is answerable for. It appears that both boats steered towards the same side of the channel, and as a natural consequence there was a collision, and the loss of one of the finest steamboats upon our waters. That there was not also a fearful loss of life is doubtless due to the accidental strength of the Vanderbilt's hull, for had she gone down there could have been no rescue for the shipwrecked passengers. Last year the St. John; this year the Dean Richmond. What one next?

Special Notices.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.—We learn by recent advices from Paris that the name of Elias Howe, Jr., heads a list of petitioners to the Imperial Commission for a reconsideration of the Sewing Machine awards,—a significant commentary upon the protestation of the Howe Company that the Gold Medal has already been awarded for that machine.—*N. Y. Express.*

THE NEW YORK MEDICAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN will begin their Fifth Annual Term, of 20 weeks, at the College in 12th Street, two doors east of Fourth Avenue, the first Monday in November. Address the Dean, MRS. C. S. LOZIER, M. D., 361 West 34th Street, N. Y., or the Secretary, Mrs. C. F. WELLS, care of Fowler and Wells, N. Y.

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UNIVERSAL PEACE SOCIETY.

A General Meeting of the Branch Societies and all Friends of RADICAL PEACE PRINCIPLES.

BOSTON, MEIONION, (Tremont Temple),

Oct. 9th and 10th (Wednesday and Thursday), 1867, Commencing at 10 1-2 o'clock a.m.

Animated by the purest patriotism and a world-wide philanthropy, we would remove the *causes* and the *conditions* of War. It is high time to renounce legalized and premediated man-killing, and "break *every* yoke and let the oppessed go free."

War is Slavery, Poverty and Death. The working-man does the fighting, suffers and pays the debt. Christianize our civilization! Disarm and arbitrate! Abolish the office of Secretary of War everywhere; Give us Peace—which means *Freedom, Justice Prosperity* and *Life*; that will suffer rather than cause suffering, and Die rather than Kill, and extend its unselfish love to "every nation, tongue and people!"

In this Divine Spirit these meetings will be held, and all persons are invited to them, and may have a hearing even if differing from us, as time and good order will permit, that we may forward the Truth and from any who cannot attend, letters and contributions will be thankfully received. Deeply interesting speakers from abroad have promised to be present.

ALFRED H. LOVE, PHILADELPHIA, *President.*

LEVI K. JOSLIN, Providence, R. I., HON. GEORGE THOMPSON, England, LUCRETIA MOTT, Philadelphia, } *Vice-Presidents.*

E. H. HEYWOOD, Worcester, Mass., HENRY C. WRIGHT, Boston, ELIZABETH B. CHASE, Valley Falls, R. I., LYSANDER S. RICHARDS, Boston, and others, } *Executive Committee.*

LAURA BLIVEN, Providence, R. I., M. S. TOWNSEND, Bridgewater, Vt., } *Secretaries.*

ROBERT F. WALCUT, Boston, *Treasurer.*

A MEETING of the Pennsylvania Peace Society will be held at Friends Meeting-House, Germantown, Pa., 9th month, 22d, at 3 p.m. A number of speakers will be present.

MR. RICHARD MASON, of Baltimore, Md., will hereafter act as Agent for THE STANDARD in that city. His address is No. 27 West Fayette street.

THE STANDARD IN NEW ORLEANS.—THE STANDARD may now be obtained regularly each week in New Orleans of A. SIMON, Esq., No. 85 Barome street.

Advertisements.

PARIS EXPOSITION. 1867.

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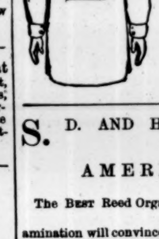

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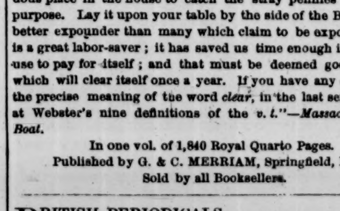

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Miscellaneous Department.

THE HEART'S HOME.

BY KING OSCAR OF SWEDEN.

[TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.]

[King Oscar is one of the most accomplished monarchs of Europe. His paintings of the fine scenery of his country are extremely beautiful. This poem was translated at the request of the Queen Dowager, and read before the court, the English language being greatly admired and studied in Sweden.]

WHERE is thy home? Thus to my heart appealing,
I spake. Say, thou, who hast had part
In all my inmost being's deepest feeling,
Where is thy proper home? Tell me, my heart!
Is it where peaceful groves invite to leisure,
And silvery brook lets lapse in easy measure?
No, no, my heart responded, no!

Where is thy home? Amid the tempest's anger,
And torrents leaping wild from rock to rock,
Where the bold hunter finds delight in danger,
And bleeding victims fall beneath his stroke?
Or is it 'mid the artillery's thundering rattle,
The clash of swords, the roar and rush of battle?
Calmly my heart made answer, No!

Where is thy home? Perchance where tropic splendor,
In golden luxury of light, calls forth
The purple grape; perchance 'midst roses tender
Thou revellest in the beauty of the South.
Is that thy home—beneath the palm-tree shadows,
And ever-verdant Summer's flowery meadows?
Still, still my heart made answer, No!

Where is thy home? Is it 'mid icebergs hoary,
The crags and snow-fields of the Arctic strand,
Where the midsummer's midnight sees the glory
Of sunset and of sunrise, hand in hand—
Where, 'twixt the pine-trees, gleams the snow-drift's whiteness,
And starry night gleams with auroral brightness?
But still my whispering heart said, No!

Where is thy home? Is it within *her* presence
Whose heart responsive pulses to thy love—
Who, taught of suffering the divinest essence,
When hope was dead in life's sweet myrtle grove?
Is that the home in which thy wishes centre?
Yes, of a truth, the shrine which none may enter!
But, mournfully, again my heart said, No!

Where is thy home? Say if, perchance, it lieth
In that prefigured land of love and light,
Whither, they say, the soul enfranchised flieth
When earthly bonds no longer check her flight?
Is there thy home? Those unknown realms elysian
Which shine beyond the stars, a heavenly vision?
Then first my heart made answer, Yes!

There is my home, it said, with quick emotion:
My primal home, to which I am akin.
Though earthly fires may call forth my devotion,
Yet I forget not Heaven's pure flame within.
Amidst the ashes still a spark surviveth
Which ever yearneth Heavenward, ever striveth
To be with God, who is my home.

QUAKER TESTIMONY AGAINST SLAVERY.

THE first testimony against slavery which was made in America, emanated from the monthly meeting of German Friends, at Germantown, in April of the year (1688). It is a very interesting paper, and must be looked upon as the foundation of the movement for the abolition of slavery. It was as follows:

"This is to the monthly meeting held at Richard Worrell's. These are the reasons why we are against the traffic of men's body, as followeth: Is there any that would be done or handled at this manner? viz.: to be sold or made a slave for all the time of his life? How fearful and faint-hearted are many at sea when they see a strange vessel, being afraid it is a Turk, and they should be taken and sold for slaves in Turkey! Now, what is *this* better done than Turks do? Yea, rather is it worse for them which say they are Christians; for we hear that the most part of such negers are brought here against their will and consent, and that many of them are stolen. Now, though they are black, we cannot perceive there is more liberty to hold them slaves as it is to have other white ones. There is a saying that we shall do to all men like as we will be done ourselves, making no difference of what generation, descent, or color they are. And those who steal or rob men, and those who purchase them, are they not all alike? Here is liberty of conscience which is right and reasonable; here ought likewise to be liberty of the body, except of soldiers, which is another case. But to bring men hither, or to rob and sell them against their will, *we stand against*. In Europe there are many oppressed for conscience sake, and here there are many oppressed which are of a black color. And we who know that men must not commit adultery—some do commit adultery in others, separating wives from their husbands and giving them to others; and some sell the children of these poor creatures to other men. Ah! do consider well this thing, you who do it, if you would be done in this manner—and if it is done according to Christianity? You surpass Holland and Germany in this thing. This makes an ill report in all those countries of Europe where they do hear that the Quakers do here handel men as they handel there the cattel. And for that reason some have no mind or inclination to come hither. And who shall maintain this your cause and plead for it? Truly we cannot do so except you shall inform us better hereof, viz.: that Christians have liberty to practice these things. Pray, what thing in the world can be done worse toward us than if men should rob or steal us away, and sell us for slaves to strange countries, separating husbands from their wives and children? Being how this is not done in the manner we would be done at, therefore we contradict and are against this traffic of men's body.

And we who profess that it is not lawful to steal, must likewise avoid to purchase such things as are stolen, but rather help to stop this robbing and stealing, if possible. And such men ought to be delivered out of the hands of the robbers and set free as in Europe. Then is Pennsylvania to have a good report; instead it hath now a bad one for this sake in other countries. Especially whereas the Europeans are desirous to know in what manner *the Quakers* do rule in *their* province, and most of them do look upon us with an envious eye. But if this is done well, what shall we say is done evil?

If once these slaves (which they say are so wicked and stubborn men) should join themselves—fight for their freedom and handel their masters and mistresses as *they* did handel them before, will these masters and mistresses take the sword at hand and war against these poor slaves like as we are able to believe some will not refuse to do? Or have these poor negers not as much right to fight for their freedom as you have to keep them slaves?

Now, consider well this thing if it is good or bad. And in case you find it to be good to handel these blacks in this manner, we desire and require you hereby, lovingly, that you may inform us herein, which at this time never was done, viz.: that Christians have such a liberty to do so. To this end we shall be satisfied on this point, and satisfy likewise our good friends and acquaintances in our native country, to whom it is a terror or fearful thing that men should be handelled so in Pennsylvania.

This is from our meeting at Germantown, held ye 18th of the 2d month, 1688, to be delivered to the monthly meeting at Richard Worrell's.

GARRET HENDERICH,
DERICK OP DE GRAEFF,
FRANCIS DANIEL PASTORIUS,
ABRAM OP DE GRAEFF.

The monthly meeting at Dublin, to whom this was addressed, found it "so weighty" that they deemed "it not expedient to meddle with it *here*," and referred it to the quarterly meeting. The latter was held at Philadelphia, and it was recommended to present it to the next yearly meeting, "it being a thing of too great weight for this meeting to determine." The yearly meeting adjudged it "not to be so proper for this meeting to give a positive judgment in the case, it having so general a relation to so many other parts, and therefore at present they forbear it."

AN HISTORICAL BELL ON THE STAGE.—A bell which is heard in the first act of "Don Juan d'Autriche," now playing at the Theatre Française, in Paris, 1572, gave the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholmew. Being put up for sale during the Revolution, all the bells of St. Germain l'Auxerrois were bought by a founder named Flauban, who parted with the smallest of them to the theatre named. It was rung for the first time at the theatre in 1801, at the first performance of "Edouard en Ecosse," by Alexandre Duval.

OPIUM EATING.

THE following is from an article in *Harper's Magazine* for August, speaking of the opium-eater:

"He will have to take opium all his life. Further struggle is suicide. Death will probably occur at any rate, not from an attack of what we usually consider disease, but from the disintegrating effects on tissues of the habit itself. So, whatever he may do, his organs march to death. He will have to continue the habit which kills him only because abandoning it kills him sooner; for self murder has dropped out of the purview of the moral faculties and become a mere animal question of time. The only way left to preserve his intellectual faculties intact is to keep his future daily dose the tolerable minimum. Henceforth all his dreams of entire liberty must be relegated to the world to come. He may be valuable as a monitor, but in the executive use of this mighty modern world henceforth he can never share. Could the immortal soul find itself in a more inextricable, a more grisly complication?

"Opium-eaters enjoy a strange immunity from other diseases. They are not liable to be attacked by miasma in malarious countries, epidemics or contagions where they exist. They almost always survive to die of opium itself. And an opium death is usually in one of these two manners:

"The opium-eater either dies in collapse through nervous exhaustion (with the blood poisoning and delirium above mentioned), sometimes after an overdose, but oftener seeming to occur spontaneously; or in the midst of physical or mental agony as great and irrelievable as men suffer in hopeful abandonment of the drug, and with a colliquative diarrhea, by which—in a continual fiery, acrid discharge—the system relieves itself during a final fortnight of the effete matters which have been accumulating for years.

"Opium is a corrosion and paralysis of all the noblest forms of life. The man who voluntarily addicts himself to it would commit, in cutting his throat, a suicide only swifter and less ignoble. The habit is gaining fearful ground among our professional men, the operatives in our mills, our weary sewing women, our fagged clerks, our disappointed wives, our former liquor drunkards, our every day laborers, who a generation ago took gin; all our classes, from the highest to the lowest, are yearly increasing their consumption of the drug. The terrible demands, especially in this country, made on modern brains by our feverish competitive life, constitute hourly temptations to some form of the sweet, deadly sedative. Many a professional man of my acquaintance, who twenty years ago was content with his *tri-diurnal* 'whiskey,' ten years ago, drop by drop, began taking stronger 'laudanum cock-tails,' until he became what he is now—an habitual opium-eater."

THADDEUS STEVENS.

BY GEO. W. BUNGAY.

No carven statue, not a silent Sphinx
Is our great Commoner, he bravely thinks,
And his true heart, which no defeats eclipse,
Beats thought to eloquence, upon his lips.
A radical, one of the uncrowned kings,
He goes down to the deepest roots of things,
And pulls out flowers and weed, and even wheat
If in his way and spurns them with his feet.
His Eagle eyes have foresight and they see
The future, and the nation's destiny.
When our brave ship of state was in the storm
Of thunder fire and crimson rain, the form
Of our grand Cromwell stood erect and tall,
Under the flag which now floats over all—
The flag whose stripes will not, long as it waves,
Be duplicated on the backs of slaves.
O brave old leader, reconstruct the state
And make it just to all, as well as great.
May the best thought forged in thy brain
Be mercifully just, then not in vain
Thy speech incisive—and thy "critic tone"—
For laureled Liberty shall hold her throne.

A PARSON'S HORSE.

DR HOLMES will have to look to his laurels. In last week's instalment of "Norwood" we find a bit of humor in a description of a clerical variety of horseflesh, worthy of the "Autocrat" in his best mood:

"The horse was the parson's favorite. He literally had no faults. He was never known to kick, or to bite anything but food. Hay constituting his principal food, a larger quantity was required than would have been if oats or corn had furnished more concentrated nourishment in smaller bulk. Nature, ever kind to her creatures, gradually enlarged the barrel of the horse until his belly was puffed out far beyond any requirements of beauty.

A large, mild and sleepy eye revealed but half the quietness of his disposition. His legs might be handled by boys. You might sit down safely between his hind legs. There was no liberty which you could not take, except that of fast driving.

You might pour a bushel of potatoes suddenly upon his haunches without producing excitement—not, however, because he was lifeless, but from mere self-possession; for a peck of oats (a rarity seldom ventured!) at the other extremity quickly showed that there was life in him.

He was safe. "Slow and sure," was his maxim. When the good parson was once seated in the chaise, the events were as follows: When the self-possessed animal, with his head and neck declining a little below the line of his back, felt the reins in the doctor's hands, he opened his eyes; and having been standing on his three legs, the fourth crooked up and resting on the edge of the hoof, he brought them all squarely under him, as if saying, "I am all here, sir!"

Next the doctor pulled both reins, and they were pulled. Then he lapped them both upon his back, with a gentle slap, and pulled one of them with some decision. The time had come. The horse started, walked into the road, and then, after several admonitions, fell into an easy jog, which satisfied the parson's ambition.

But no persuasion could carry that trot up the slightest rise in the ground. It was this habit of stopping early in ascending and starting again late in descending hills, that secured to this matchless horse long life and immunity from strains. Dr. Buell innocently told Hiram Beers that he never used a bottle of liniment in his life!"

EFFECTS OF PROHIBITION IN UTAH.—Noticing Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "recent admirable work upon New America," the Leed's *Mercury* remarks:

"Going to Utah he found there a race of people composed of those who but a few years before were almost on the lowest round of the social ladder. The Whitechapel tailor, the Lancashire weaver, the Welsh farm laborer, the New York rowdy, the German peasant—these were the men who, prompted by various motives and under divers influences, had journeyed across oceans and rivers and continents, through wildernesses haunted only by the most blood-thirsty of savage tribes, and over mountains, barren of every kind of life, in search of the New Jerusalem, which they had been told lay beyond all these barriers, where might be found the chosen home of God's Elect. And that which struck him as most remarkable was the fact that these people, who, in their old life, had been steeped in misery, ignorance, poverty, and superstition, no sooner touched the shores of the Salt Lake than they seemed to undergo a transformation hardly less wonderful than that of the chrysalis into the butterfly. Want and misery were banished forever from their presence; houses and lands, trees and factories, mills and warehouses, seemed all to fall into their hands, as though by magic, and the man who, in civilized England, had been compelled to wear his fingers to the bone in order to gain the hardest crust of bread for himself and children, found here, amongst a people who were the objects of the world's bitterest scorn and hatred, a comfortable and plenteous living, gained by a moderate amount of industry and energy. In all the city no drunkard was to be found, no oath was to be heard. *The grogshops, which abounded in the rude border cities he had left behind him when he plunged into the wilderness dividing Utah from the outer world, were unknown here.* Order, and peace, and comfort, and good morals, reigned not only in the street, but in the theatre and the exchange, and every private house; and the weary traveller who had seen many cities in many lands—some amongst them which vied with each other for the honor of being considered the capital of Christendom—might well desire, when he reached this favored place, to stay his wanderings here, and to rest himself where, if anywhere in this fallen earth, sin seemed to have gotten no entrance."

A BUDDHIST praying machine was exhibited at the Paris exposition. It is a little square box, with a handle on one side, to be turned when the worshipper wishes to offer a prayer. It will offer up a hundred and twenty prayers a day, is noiseless, and will never get out of order.

THE CROOKED PATH.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

AH, here it is, the sliding rail
That marks the old remembered spot—
The gap that struck our schoolboy trail,—
The crooked path across the lot.

It left the road by school and church,
A penciled shadow, nothing more,
That parted from the silver birch,
And ended at the farm-house door.

No line or compass traced its plan,
With frequent bends to left or right,
In aimless, wayward curves it ran,
But always kept the door in sight.

The gabled porch, with woodland green—
The broken mill-stone at the sill,—
Though many a rood might stretch betweep,
The truant child could see them still.

No rocks across the pathway lie,
No fallen trunk is o'er it thrown,—
And yet it winds, we know not why,
And turns as if for tree or stone.

Perhaps some lover trod the way
With shaking knees and quaking heart,
And so it often runs astray
With sinuous sweep or sudden start.

Or one, perchance with clouded brain
From some unholy banquet reeled,—
And since, our devious steps maintain
His track across the trodden field.

Nay, deem not thus—no earth-born will
Could ever trace a faultless line;—
Our truest steps are human still,—
To walk unswerving were divine!

Truants from love, we dream of wrath;—
O, rather let us trust the more!
Through all the wanderings of the path,
We still can see our Father's door.

LUCY JOHNSON, THE WEAVER.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Providence *Journal* furnishes a very interesting sketch of a very remarkable woman, recently deceased in Elmwood, R. I. Lucy Johnson was born in Coventry, in January, 1789. When but nine years old she began to spin, and to weave soon after her tenth year, though so small that she was compelled to stand up to her loom. From weaving plain cloth, she soon advanced to the weaving of "bird's eye" diaper, kersey and the like, and afterwards various other kinds of cloth, both twilled and plain. After 1816, she commenced the weaving of bed tick, and while engaged on this, began to speculate on the possibility of weaving a seamless bag. Not then perceiving any practical utility in this, the idea was abandoned for a time, and she began to weave coverlets and other fabrics, with four leaves and four treadles. To effect her purpose, she had her old-fashioned hand loom altered and fitted for the work, she directing the alterations. Then came three-leaved twills and then "stripes," alternately twilled and plain in the warp. In 1823, she spun and wove a piece of four-ply carpeting on the same old loom, making herself the necessary changes in its hanging gear, and giving instructions for the making of shafts or lever on which to hang the harness. The idea of seamless bags had not been entirely abandoned. It was still on her mind as practicable, although it was scouted and laughed at by some of her acquaintances. In 1824, she reduced the idea to practice. In the latter part of September of that year, she wove seven pairs of seamless pillow cases, and for them received a premium at the Fair at Pawtucket in October, of that year.

Her mode of weaving seamless bags has since her discovery been engrafted on the power loom and patented, and has made the patentees rich. But Miss Johnson remained poor, and after her ability to work was gone, she was dependent on charity and the stinted alms of the town in which she lived, for a subsistence.

It is proposed to hang a portrait of this wonderful weaver, in the rooms of the Domestic Society of Providence, by the side of Betsey Baker, the first straw braider in the United States.

THE UNSEEN WITNESS.—There is a little machine made something like a clock, which is fastened upon a carriage, and in some way connected with the motion of the wheels. It is so arranged that it marks off correctly the number of miles that the carriage runs. A stable keeper once had one upon a carriage that he kept for letting out, and by this means he could tell just how many miles any one went who hired it.

Two young men once hired it to go to a town some ten miles distant. Instead of simply going and returning, as they promised to do, they rode to another town some five miles farther, thus making the distance they passed over, going and coming, some thirty miles.

When they returned, the owner of the establishment, without being noticed by the young men, glanced upon the face of the measuring instrument and discovered how many miles they had travelled.

"Where have you been?" he then asked them.

"Where we said we were going," was the answer.

"Have you been no farther than that?"

"O, no!" they answered.

"How many miles have you been in all?"

He touched the spring, the cover opened, and there, on the face of the instrument, the thirty miles were recorded.

The young men were astonished at the unerring testimony of an unseen witness that they had carried with them all the way.

Thus has God placed a recording witness in our hearts. Wherever we go we carry it with us. He keeps it wound up and in order. Without our thinking of it, it records all our acts, all our words and all our thoughts.

COUNSELLOR LEWSCHIN, of St. Petersburg, well known in Russia for his scientific attainments, states that in the village of Sokoraotewo, in the circle of Belewiski, there lived an old soldier who enjoyed the reputation of being able to cure hydrophobia. His remedy, it was said, consisted in reducing a sort of onion to powder, strewing the latter upon a slice of bread and butter, and thus administering it to the patient. Counsellor Lewschin did not at first credit the story, but a circumstance which occurred among his brother's servants soon forced him to change his opinion. It was the case of a huntsman, who, having been bitten by a mad dog, was cauterised as usual, and appeared to be beyond all danger, when, a few weeks later, unequivocal symptoms of the terrible disease was observed, and the patient had to be secured. There being no physician in the neighborhood, the soldier was sent for, who applied his remedy, and with two doses effected a complete cure. The patient lived eighteen years after that event, and the recipe has been constantly used with success in the district. The water plantain grows in marshes and stagnant water; it has a bulbous root consisting of thick fibres. It remains under water until the beginning of June, when some of its new shoots protrude above the surface. It blossoms throughout the Summer, but should not be gathered until the end of Autumn. The roots must be well rinsed, and left to dry in the shade until they be fit to be reduced to powder.—*Galignani.*

RIVER SPORTS IN THE SOUTHWEST.—Travelling on the lower Mississippi must be a very pleasing diversion—to people tired of life—as will be seen by the annexed extract of a letter from Yazoo City, Miss., to the Memphis *Post*, dated Dec. 5:

"At 5 p. m. yesterday I went aboard the little stern-wheel packet Emma No. 2, Capt. Page, master, for Yazoo City. We cast off our lines about five minutes after the Hope, a rival packet, and it soon leaked out that we were to have a race with her. We kept our relative position in the rear for about ten miles. On entering Old River—former bed of the Mississippi—we shot ahead, carrying 110 pounds of steam. We kept ahead about ten minutes, when our rival steamed alongside, amid a perfect storm of huzzas from both boats. Our boat then rounded to and struck the Hope a thundering lick amidships that jarred every timber and bolt in her, and sent her port chimney careening on her hurricane deck. I expected every moment to see one or both boats blown to 'Davy Jones's locker;' but our boat only stopped a few moments to ascertain the damage done to her adversary, then steamed away."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN HOLLAND.—The women have just carried a point in Holland. The minister of the interior has issued a decree admitting them to the examination for the position of assistant apothecaries, an occupation hitherto restricted exclusively to men. This measure will enable country doctors to have their prescriptions made up by their wives or daughters, and will thus relieve them from the charge of a male assistant. The decree has been received with a good deal of astonishment by the Dutchmen, who look on this as the beginning of a systematic invasion of masculine privileges. They are right. It *is* the beginning of a reform which will end only in putting women upon an equality with men in science, politics, and religion.

AMERICAN ARTISTS IN PARIS.—Repressing a disposition to moralize, I must tell you that Paris is full of artists, among whom I have met many Americans. Here are the Misses Williams of Boston, whose pictures of Italian scenery and costume are in deserved demand, on their way to Italy; and here is Mr. Jackson of Florence, whose exquisite statuary of "The First Death" has excited so much admiration, stopping to look at the Paris Exhibition before leaving for a visit to America; and here is Miss Cushman, as genial and witty off the boards as she was grand when treading them; and sparkling Hattie Hosmer, ordering national dishes at the American restaurant, and Miss Stebbins of New York, resting a little from her labors. From every side I hear great praise given to Miss Stebbins's design for the fountain of the Central Park at New York. They say she is working it out with great success. Imagine a magnificent carved marble basin of colossal proportions, supported by four figures, Temperance, Purity, Health, and Peace, and above the basin an angel of grand proportions, hovering with outspread wings, as if his presence had brought to feverish humanity the beautiful gift of sparkling, healing, purifying water.—*Paris Letter in Daily Advertiser.*

A LARGE FORK FOR A BIG KNIFE.—The German journals relate the following anecdote: "Saxhausen is one of the suburbs of Frankfort, and is partly occupied by gardeners, who are considered, rightly or wrongly, to be a clownish lot. When the Prussian troops entered the city, every house was obliged to billet one or two soldiers. The inhabitants of Saxhausen acquitted themselves of this duty with a very bad grace, and one of them showed such manifest signs of ill will toward his guest that the latter, when he sat down to dinner, placed his sword on the table by his side, with a very significant gesture. The countryman said nothing, but left the room and returned in a moment with an enormous pitchfork, which he laid down beside the sword. The soldier flushed up with anger, but the other quietly observed: "I thought that for so big a knife a big fork was required. If you like we can make use of our own implements." This was all the satisfaction the son of Mars obtained, so he thought fit to put his sword away in a corner of the kitchen, while the other withdrew the pitchfork."

WHERE DID YOUR FATHER DIE?—A landsman once said to a sailor, "Where did your father die?" The sailor replied, "On the sea." "Where did your grandfather die?" "On the sea." "Well, are you not afraid to follow the sea as your business, seeing that it has proved so fatal to your ancestors?" "Well," said the sailor, "and where did your father die?" "In his bed." "And where did your grandfather die?" "In his bed." "Astonishing! and are you not afraid to go to bed, seeing it has proved so fatal to your forefathers?" The wisdom of this world may see force in these questions.

GREAT TALKERS.—A curious calculation has been made of the number of speeches made by each member of the North German Diet during its first session. It appears that the most frequent speaker was Freiherr von Vincke, who spoke sixty times. After him comes Count Bismarck, who spoke forty-eight times; then Herr Lasker, forty times, and Count Schwerin, thirty-one times. Among the other distinguished speakers, Herr Twesten spoke eighteen times, Herr Miguel seventeen times, and Herr Michaelis nineteen times.

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MR. FRANK BUCKLAND the English naturalist had a Brazilian monkey which he wished to take from Southampton to London in the passenger car, but the guard of the train objected, and said he was a dog, and must go in the dog-van. The doctor, by way of "reductio ab absurdum," took a tortoise out of his coat pocket, and asked the guard if that, too, were a dog. After attentive consideration, the guard replied slowly, but firmly, "No, sir, them's all right—them be hinsex."

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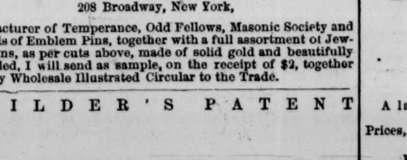

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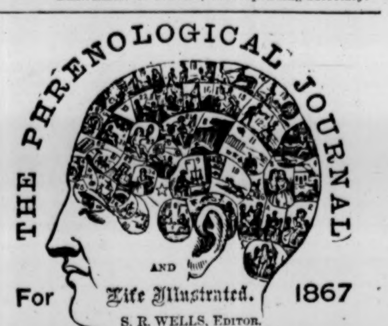

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